

TWENTY CENTS

SEPTEMBER 22, 1952

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



ARCHITECT WALLACE HARRISON
He builds landmarks.

\$6.00 A YEAR

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

VOL. LX NO. 12



Illustrated above: State Commander V-8 Starliner—also available as a Champion.

White sidewall tires, chrome wheel discs—and glare-reducing tinted glass—optional at extra cost.

This Studebaker style star is a stand-out gas saver

YOU'RE THE ENVY of all eyes as you proudly drive this trim, sleek, beautifully jet-streamed Studebaker.

But what pleases you even more, perhaps, is the way Studebaker's clean-lined designing helps cut your expenses.

You save gas every mile. Your Studebaker is a team-mate of the Champion and Commander V-8 that finished first and second in actual mileage per gallon among the standard class cars that competed in this year's Mobilgas Economy Run.

The Studebakers, and most of the Mobilgas Run contenders, use Overdrive. It's optional, like Studebaker Automatic Drive, in all Studebaker models at extra cost.



Studebaker

One hundred years of progress
on the roadways of the world

America bought its first Studebakers
in the California "gold rush" days



The little South Bend wagon shop of H. & C. Studebaker opened for business in 1852. A "prairie schooner" for a westbound caravan was among the first vehicles the young firm built. Today, 100-year-old Studebaker is one of the world's largest car and truck manufacturers.

RESEARCH KEEPS

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



Pneubin Installation by Genitor May Corp., Baltimore

Men used to drown in ashes

Story of a B. F. Goodrich improvement in rubber

ONE false move and that man could "drown" in those tons of ashes. Many things are stored in such bins — coal, soap chips, sugar — with the same danger to the workmen. When any of the stored material is needed, a hopper at the bottom of the bin is opened and out it pours. Sometimes.

Too often the stored material packed down at the narrow hopper at the bottom — it formed an arch of itself, as engineers put it, and so wouldn't flow. Workmen had to poke long poles into the mass to break it down.

Then a manufacturer had an idea

and came to B. F. Goodrich for help. B. F. Goodrich had years ago developed rubber compounds so able to stand abrasion that they often outlast the hardest steel 10 to 1. They had also developed a method of attaching rubber to steel with a permanent bond stronger than the rubber itself.

Using these two BFG developments, the engineers simply put in a rubber panel, now known as PneuBin, in the bin at the hopper point where the packing or arching occurs. Air is pumped into and out of the panel. The expansion and contraction breaks up the

packing, material flows, there's no danger to workers, no delay in operations.

Thousands of industrial processes have been improved just as drastically simply by product developments B. F. Goodrich has already made. Before you decide a rubber product is the best to be had, check with your B. F. Goodrich distributor to see what B. F. Goodrich research has done recently to improve it. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Industrial & General Products Division, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich
RUBBER FOR INDUSTRY



THE AMERICAN ROAD—X



AT THE TURN OF THE CENTURY, transportation usually meant a trolley. At the last stop you laced your high shoes, trudged off through the dust.



SITTING ON THE GRASS, back in 1907, these Manhattan fans watched the New York Highlanders struggle with the Philadelphia Athletics.

Take me out to the ball

On the one great morning of the year you stayed close to home, playing mumblety-peg all alone on the lawn.

Then Dad rushed home, snapped open his hunting-case watch, and gave you your final check-over: "Who's the greatest pitcher?" "Christy Mathewson, New York Giants." "Who's the greatest short-stop?" "Hans Wagner, Pittsburgh Pirates."

Then you and Dad kissed Mother goodbye and ran lickety-split for the streetcar.

The trolley smelled of fresh varnish; it was open on both sides in

the summer, and the conductor was a daredevil swinging along the step.

Finally you came to the end of the line and little chills went down you when the white uniforms trotted out over the green grass. This was a big day in your life, back around the turn of the century—you were out on an excursion with your Dad, clear out at the very end of the trolley line.

It was wonderful, but it only happened once or twice a year. Americans had little leisure time in those days; life was full of inconveniences and drudgery. There were few places



ONCE, ONLY EXPLORERS could visit the nation's pleasant places; now anyone can drive to the remotest fishing-hole or sports resort.

game—it's out at the end of the line

to go and if you had no horse-and-buggy or bicycle, you could only take the streetcar.

But Henry Ford and other pioneers were at work—soon the cars pouring forth gave Americans new freedom. The auto broke down the old-fashioned limits; now there is literally no end of the line.

Anyone can go anywhere in a car; for example, every year hundreds of cars from every state drive to the Indianapolis Auto Races, to the Kentucky Derby. And golf grew slowly until the auto came along; today this great all-American sport

depends on the motorcar. In fact, America depends on the motorcar.

The automobile put democracy on wheels; in nearly fifty years Ford Motor Company alone has contributed over 36,000,000 cars and trucks to the American Road.

Now millions of mobile Americans are striving to look beyond the problems and confusions of today

and tomorrow. The people are moving with hard common sense, toward a future whose goal is a better life for everyone.

At Ford Motor Company we believe that the American Road is the direct route to that future; we will continue to contribute to that rainbow day by keeping the auto wheels endlessly rolling ahead.

Ford Motor Company

FORD • LINCOLN • MERCURY CARS • FORD TRUCKS AND TRACTORS

LO! the first Meat Packer



When an Indian brave got sick, the medicine man used a fancy buffalo-horn headdress to scare out the evil spirit.

Today, your physician uses insulin, cortisone, epinephrine and other "wonder drugs" that are considerably more effective, but come from the same source—meat animals.

This, and other examples in the cartoon above, shows that our first citizens depended on meat animals in many ways—just as we do today.

But there's a big, important difference (aside

from modern efficiency and the fact that today's packers have to pay for their raw materials). The Indian tribe had to follow its meat supply from one hunting ground to another.

Now, more than 4,000 meat packing companies, serving as assembly points for livestock and distribution centers for meat, allow us to stay put, and let the meat come to us.

Meat packers not only provide meat *where* we want it—*how* we want it—*when* we want it, but they do so at the *lowest service cost* of almost any food.

AMERICAN MEAT INSTITUTE

Headquarters, Chicago

Members throughout the U. S.

NOW-BANISH DISHPAN DRUDGERY FOREVER
-FOR LESS THAN 10¢ A DAY!*

Hotpoint Automatic Dishwasher



Saves More Time And Work Than All Other Kitchen Appliances Combined!

● You've no idea how far a dime can go—or how much happier your wife can be—until you get a Hotpoint Dishwasher!

● **Here is the biggest appliance value in history**—and you can actually own it for less than 10¢ a day more than doing dishes by hand! Yes, less than a dime a day is your total added cost over the years. That includes purchase price, installation, electricity, *everything!*

● And the Hotpoint is so easy to operate! Your wife merely loads the dishwasher with up to 62 plates, glasses, pots and pans *plus* silverware, twists a dial and automatically her dishes are *double* washed, *double* rinsed, then *hygienically* dried in pure electric heat!

● See all three models of the world's leading dishwasher at your Hotpoint dealer's. They're all reasonably priced—with easy terms, if desired. Hotpoint Co. (A Division of General Electric Company), 5600 W. Taylor St., Chicago 44, Ill.

*See classified phone listing for dealers' names.

STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN TO
"The Adventures of Ozzie and Harriet"

Every Friday night starting October 3 on the ABC television and radio networks. Consult your local paper for times and stations.

Look To Hotpoint For The Finest . . . **FIRST!**

RANGES • REFRIGERATORS • DISHWASHERS • DISPOSALS • WATER HEATERS • FOOD FREEZERS • AUTOMATIC WASHERS • CLOTHES DRYERS • ROTARY IRONERS • CABINETS



Everybody's Pointing To

Hotpoint

Quality Appliances

how to pick

Christmas Gifts

guaranteed to
please clients
'n customers!

You can make your business gifts (and personal gifts, too) stand out above all others . . . and be raved about, praised about and talked about the whole year 'round! How? By giving the most unique, sure-to-be liked gift in the U.S.A.

the famous, the original, one-and-only

Fruit-of-the-Month-Club

You order just once, but lucky folks you name receive a year-round parade of finest fruits and delicacies. Each beautifully packaged gift bears your name. And in advance of the first gift, they receive a handsome engraved certificate, naming you as the thoughtful giver! Best news of all: it's NOT expensive!



CAPT. EDDIE RICKENBACKER
President & General Manager,
Eastern Airlines, N. Y., says—
"Your Fruit-of-the-Month Club is
a grand idea—most available as a
gift for anyone."

YOU CAN ORDER right from this ad!

12 BOX CLUB Gift No. 20 \$44.95 deliv'd. Lucky folks you name get sure-to-be-raved-over gifts of fruit 'n fancies every month for a year!

8 BOX CLUB Gift No. 15 \$29.95 deliv'd. An excitingly different gift, with your name, arrives every month except Mar., May, June, Aug.

3 BOX CLUB Gift No. 11 \$10.95 deliv'd. Three wonderful treats sent with your name at Christmas, & Jan., Feb.

Just airmail your Christmas list with check or M. O., and we'll do all the rest.

Harry and David
BOX 50, MEDFORD, OREGON

P.S. If you'd like more details, plus information about our other clubs and extra-special rare gifts, just ask for our FREE Gift booklets.



© H & D

LETTERS

Land of the Big Muddy

SIR:

I WOULD LIKE TO TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY TO COMMEND TIME [SEPT. 1] FOR ITS EXCELLENT "LAND OF THE BIG MUDDY," WHILE I DISAGREE WITH YOUR STATEMENT TO THE EFFECT THAT "PROBABLY MOST VALLEY RESIDENTS FEAR A SUPERSTATE OVER THEIR REGION," WHICH IS PROPAGANDA PUT OUT BY THOSE IN OPPOSITION TO THE M.V.A. BILL AS SPONSORED BY ME IN THE SENATE, I NEVERTHELESS WANT TO THANK YOU FOR THIS ARTICLE, WHICH HAS BROUGHT DATA AND FACTS, TO SAY NOTHING OF YOUR EXCELLENT AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHS, TO THOUSANDS OF READERS . . .

JAMES E. MURRAY

U.S. SENATOR FROM MONTANA

GREAT FALLS, MONT.

Sir:

Your presentation . . . is excellent. It might have pointed up the critical need for flood control. Billions of dollars of property damage, the many lives lost and perennial anxiety are the toll of these recurring floods, and will continue to be . . . We know how to control floods, but we spend our time debating methods rather than completing the projects already authorized.

We in St. Louis have had five floods in the last ten years, which have cost our people upwards of \$10 million. We have narrowly escaped major disasters similar to those of Louisville, Ky. in 1937 and of Kansas City, Mo. in 1951. We are in a vulnerable position . . . threatened by both the Missouri and the Mississippi . . .

MORTON MEYER

President

St. Louis Flood Control Assn.
St. Louis, Mo.

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

Subscription Rates: Continental U.S., 1 yr., \$6.00; 2 yrs., \$10.50; 3 yrs., \$14.00. Canada and Yukon, 1 yr., \$6.50; 2 yrs., \$11.50; 3 yrs., \$15.50. Plane-sent editions: Hawaii, 1 yr., \$8.00; Alaska, 1 yr., \$10.00; Cuba, Mexico, Panama, Puerto Rico, Canal Zone, Virgin Islands, Continental Europe & Japan, 1 yr., \$12.50; all other countries, 1 yr., \$15.00. For U.S. and Canadian active military personnel anywhere in the world, 1 yr., \$4.75.

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Advertising Correspondence should be addressed to: TIME, Time & Life Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

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TIME
September 22, 1952

Volume LX
Number 12

Innovation
in TV design



magnificent
Magnavox
television

BETTER SIGHT... BETTER SOUND... BETTER BUY

TRAVELING BY AIR, CAR OR
ELEPHANT? IN EVERY CASE CARRY
NCB TRAVELERS CHECKS



Going by bus or car—ocean liner, train or plane? No matter how you come or go, be safe, carry National City Bank Travelers Checks. Spendable for everything, everywhere. You don't lose if they are lost, stolen or destroyed. You get a full refund. Cost only 75c per \$100. Good until used. Buy them at your bank.

The best thing you know
wherever you go

**NATIONAL CITY BANK
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CAN SHE COOK?



A personal question by a company that likes to lend a hand in the kitchen

Just try to recall your own state of mind—if any—during those days when you wandered around calf-eyed, looking forward to that trip down the aisle.

Were you thinking of her cooking? Tut, tut.

But *we* were. It's not that we haven't any romance in our souls, but it's when those little white hands you like to hold start rolling out pie dough that *our* spirits soar. For we at Procter & Gamble make, among other things, Crisco.

And Crisco is a good example of our policy of "progress through constantly trying to please."

It took a lot of research, a new factory and a lot of doing to bring out the first hydrogenated vegetable shortening. But it was worth it. Crisco was highly digestible, easy to use, odorless, stayed fresh without refrigeration. It pleased people mightily.

Pleased wives because it made cakes and pies that kept Papa coming home for dinner.

Pleased farmers—made a new market for the oil from their cotton seeds.

Pleased grocers because customers came back for more.

Pleased us because it helped us earn the money we needed to offer our employees such things as guaranteed employment, profit sharing and a pension plan.

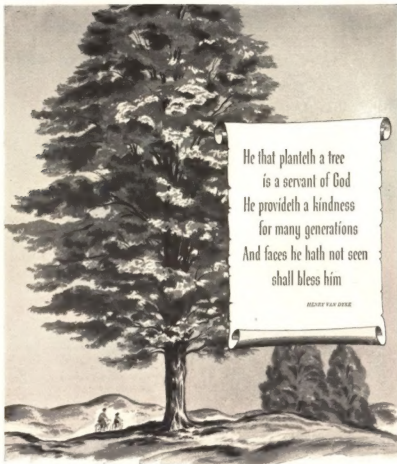
That's our idea of progress. To us, progress with Crisco is when you catch a customer young and please her so constantly that when her golden wedding cake is baked, it, too, is made with —Guess-What!

PROCTER & GAMBLE

IVORY SOAP • IVORY FLAKES • IVORY SNOW
DREFT • TIDE • BUZ • OXYBOL • CHEER • JOY • SPIC AND SPAN • LAVA • CAMAY
DRENE • PRELL • SWASTA • LILT • CRISCO



Progress Through Constantly Trying To Please



He that planteth a tree
is a servant of God
He provideth a kindness
for many generations
And faces he hath not seen
shall bless him

HENRY VAN DYKE

...a kindness for many generations

The trees on your land may have been planted years before you were born. But their heritage of peaceful beauty is yours... to enjoy, to care for and to pass along to generations that will follow you. *That care is yours alone!*

With Winter's sleet and snow and howling winds not far away, *now* is the time to ask the Davey Man to inspect your trees. He will be glad to advise what must be done *now*... to prevent immeasurable damage *later*. Pruning dead branches...cabling or bracing V-shaped forks and weak branches...those simple things can save your trees, *if they are done this Fall!*

The Davey Man has been thoroughly trained in laboratory and in the field. His equipment is modern and complete. And he is backed by an organization of unmatched experience in the exacting profession of tree-care. In fact, more people depend on Davey than any other for the protective care of their fine trees. See your Yellow Phone Directory for the nearest Davey Headquarters. *Then make that call today.*

DAVEY
TREE EXPERT COMPANY
KENT, OHIO

THE OLDEST AND LARGEST TREE



SAVING SERVICE IN THE WORLD

MARTIN L. DAVEY, JR., PRESIDENT

Sir:

... As a resident of Omaha for close to 44 years, and as an enthusiastic proponent of MVA since my college days, I commend you and thank you for the article. Also for those you did on the water grids of the Southwest (TIME, Dec. 10), which I have put away in my archive of significant articles of the 30th century...

HARRY G. MENDELSON

Omaha, Neb.

Sir:

TIME's [article] indicates the need for quasi-official agencies to compile, digest and evaluate those statistics so important in constructive planning of these vital areas.

If such agencies were subscribed to and supported by the varied states, duplication of research and planning could be avoided... Now is the time for such action.

RICHARD P. DOBER

Staten Island, N.Y.

Sir:

With your usual good judgment and sense of the relative importance of the various interests of our nation, you have given the Missouri watershed a fair and comprehensive report...

JUSTUS J. CHAMPLIN

Spearfish, S. Dak.

How Katy Does

Sir:

The Sept. 1 issue of TIME gave us a perfect two-star even-money match: that centuries-old, unpredictable "Big Muddy" v. that never-old, unpredictable Katharine Hepburn...

We love them both!

FRED BALLARD

Lincoln, Neb.

Sir:

It is about time that you got around to giving the public the correct account of Kate Hepburn's fabulous career (TIME, Sept. 1). She is an actress who has never received the accolade she rightly deserves. I have been secretly in love with her for years.

STAN KOROTKIN

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Sir:

Your copy featuring Miss K. Hepburn was not only trivial but a departure from good taste. The number of baths she takes is of no public importance.

BERTHA DRAIMER

Toronto, Canada

The McCarthy Problem

Sir:

... I intend to cast my vote for Eisenhower and a new Administration. But until Ike also faces the McCarthy issue with less coercion from his left-wing advisers and considerably more intelligent personal thought, it will not be a vote cast in happy confidence of his presidential capabilities.

McCarthyism has become an issue with far-reaching effects; one must take an honest, thoughtful stand either for or against it. If the man's accusations are true and his methods necessary in this crisis, let us stop nailing him to the cross. If he is indeed the dangerous hothead he is painted, let us have final proof of this and dismiss him from his country's service...

JULIA PAYNE

San Antonio, Texas

Quiet Flows the Champagne

Sir:

Re your Aug. 18 story, "Rich Man's Architect": Mr. McGaha didn't fly any guests to his party; and some of his friends who paid



You'll be charmed by

Chile's

lovely lakes!



In picturesque *cholets* that grace the water's edge, you'll feast on the finest Chilean cooking enhanced by really great Chilean wines. And the service—at modest rates—is magnificent!



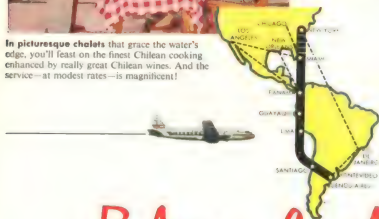
The World's Friendliest Airline flies you to a world-renowned fishing paradise. From sunrise to sunset, you'll be surrounded by the beauty of Chile's lakes. That's Lake Pucon (above), near Santiago.

It's spring now in South America . . . you can reach the lake district from Santiago only overnight from New York via El InterAmericano.

● Board this giant DC-6 at Miami, fly swiftly to Santiago. No change of plane! *El InterAmericano* is the only daily deluxe flight from the U.S.A. to Chile's capital.

Aboard *El InterAmericano* you enjoy the finest and fastest in Panagra's 24 years of service to the Americas. Red Carpet luxury includes the "Fiesta Lounge," Gourmet Galley meals, complimentary cocktails and wine, bed-length berths.

You fly from Miami to Panama over the route of Pan American and on over Panagra's route to Buenos Aires. Call your Travel Agent or Pan American World Airways, U. S. Sales Agent for—



Pan American-Grace Airways



YOU'RE YEARS AHEAD with Fore-runner Styling! From Jet-scoop hood to graceful rear deck—daring, sweeping lines prove it's new all over. And remember: Mercury's years-ahead design puts you real money ahead at trade-in time—if you can ever bear to part with it!

Looking for style + economy? —We've got news for you

You want the smartest, most advanced car on the road, right? But you *also* want economy. Can you get *both* in the same car? The answer, we think, is in the year's two big automotive news stories. First...

MERCURY LEADS THE INDUSTRY WITH FORERUNNER STYLING

Your own eyes will give you the good news. You'll see at once that Mercury is new in a fresh and daring way that

makes other "new" cars look old. You'll also see that Mercury is loaded with exciting new Future Features like the Interceptor instrument panel. But here's the best news of all...

MERCURY IS AGAIN "AMERICA'S NO. 1 ECONOMY CAR!"

Yes, this massive Mercury—with the stepped-up V-8 under its Jet-scoop hood—is the officially proven champion gasoline

miser of America. Mercury, with optional overdrive, has beaten all comers in its class in the Mobilgas Economy Run for three straight years—twice won the ten-mile Grand Sweepstakes. Drop in at your Mercury dealer's today and prove it all for yourself. You've got nothing to lose... except any old ideas you may have about big, beautiful cars being expensive!

MERCURY DIVISION • FORD MOTOR COMPANY



Standard equipment, accessories, and trim illustrated.
Prices subject to change without notice.
Always wear your seat belt, optional at extra cost.

**EYE AMERICA'S
NO.1 STYLING STAR**

MERCURY



**TRY "AMERICA'S
NO.1 ECONOMY CAR"**

for their own gasoline, plane, or rail fare now want rebates, after having read your article. There weren't 2,000 guests—and as for the thousands of orchids tied to the trees—there aren't enough trees in this section of Texas to hold them. The florists did arrange a few potted trees with orchids tied to them; but if you counted those and all the orchids worn by the lady guests, the total wouldn't come to a thousand. There were enough guests for seven bars, but there were unfortunately only three in operation; and Mr. McGaha got his idea for the champagne fountains (two) from some conservative Eastern stockbrokers.

Seriously, Mr. McGaha is a quiet, unassuming oilman, banker, and completely successful businessman—certainly not a good-time Charlie...

RALPH W. MILBURN

Wichita Falls, Texas

Architect-Designer Paul László, who flew to the party, still remembers seven bars, two orchestras, and a guest list of 1,000 to 2,200. As for the flowers, he admits: "I might have been seeing double, since the party started Friday evening and was not over until Sunday noon."—Ed.

The Stamp of a Hero

Sir:

Time [Sept. 1] mentions Harry G. Hawker only briefly as "an Australian flyer (later killed in a test flight) who had helped design Sopwith's planes." Hawker ranks as one of



Philatelic Foundation Courtesy Harry Hawker

HAWKER & STAMP

the great pioneer aviators. He was one of the first who dared to fly the Atlantic just after World War I. Starting from Newfoundland, he almost reached his goal but was forced down in the ocean, where he was rescued by a small freighter without radio communication. He was unheard of for days, and Britain and the world mourned his loss. Later when he was landed in England by the rescue ship, he received a hero's welcome similar to those we gave Byrd in 1926 and Lindbergh in 1927.

Hawker's plane (a Sopwith) carried a small amount of mail, with a special stamp that Newfoundland had created for the first transatlantic air mail. A few copies survived, now being a treasure for stamp collectors price-listed at \$2,200 a copy. In a recent letter, Mr. T.O.M. Sopwith wrote me that he possesses one.

HENRY M. GOODKIND

The Philatelic Foundation
New York City

Presidential Boldness

Sir:

I've been waiting for TIME to comment on the fact that we are about to have our first bald-headed President of the U.S. Is this just in keeping with the tempo of our times—that tension causes baldness? Both candidates have had their share of "headaches" and tension. Or do we have here two of the brainier men of our times proving the old

...the hours passed

the picture stayed clear and steady!

Relax, Sentinel owner... enjoy Picture-Sealed television... clear, big pictures without "flap, flap or flutter"! Perfect reception on all channels, UHF and VHF... for hours at a time... anywhere, city, country or "fringe"! Enjoy, too, Sentinel's hi-fidelity tonal richness... its beautiful, restrained simplicity of styling. Call your dealer for home demonstration. Today!

Prices start at \$199.95 incl. one year warranty and Federal tax.
Sentinel Radio Corporation, Evanston, Illinois

Owners proudly recommend

Sentinel TV

SENTINEL RADIO SETS... TABLE, PORTABLE AND CLOCK MODELS... FOR STUDIO TONE IN YOUR HOME

FAMOUS SENTINEL
POWER FACTOR CHASSIS



Cascade UHF-VHF Tuner
Automatic Gain Control
Locality Adjustor
Truly Automatic Tuning
Full Range Tone Control



Triumph
of Time

...an Omega Automatic... thinnest self-winding watch in the world. Winner of the most coveted accuracy awards. Omega has been selected as official time-keeper for the 1952 Olympic Games... the fourth consecutive time it has been so honored since 1932. Shock-resistant, anti-magnetic, 14K gold case, 18K gold applied figures. \$175.00 Fed. Tax Incl.

Ω
MOT. D. RESONANCE
SYMBOL OF ACCURACY

OMEGA



"M-M-M—looks like you're in for it"

This individual contends that he can see your future by looking into a crystal ball.

Your insurance man cannot foretell the future but he does know that losses and disasters happen to lots of people every day and he CAN tell you how to guard against loss should you be one of them.

Call the America Fore insurance man and let him check your protection! He will be glad to do this . . . and with no obligation on your part.

For the name of a nearby America Fore insurance man or claims office, call Western Union by number, and ask for Operator 25.

The America Fore Insurance Group comprises the

- CONTINENTAL
- FIDELITY-PHENIX
- NIAGARA
- AMERICAN EAGLE
- FIDELITY AND CASUALTY

INSURANCE COMPANIES OF NEW YORK

America Fore
INSURANCE GROUP

whereas that "brains and long locks can't share the same scalp"? . . .

In any event, the country will be in good hands . . .

J. DeWitt Fox, M.D.

Silver Spring, Md.

¶ George Washington's portraits show that he was bald in front; James Madison, Martin Van Buren and the two Adamsses lived in tense times, had bald pates to show for it; the Civil War, however, left Abraham Lincoln's splendid tatch unthinned.—Ed.

Last Lost World?

Sir:

In modern times there have been only two relatively unexplored regions in the entire world to tempt those of exploring bent—Antarctica and central Brazil. Antarctica, having no lure for industry except for deposits of a luckily poor variety of coal, should remain safe from the horrors of civilization in the foreseeable future. The jungle, it seems, will not be so fortunate.

For years I have been afraid of the day when some harebrained crusader would raise the cry to destroy the Brazilian jungle and civilize the area. It would appear that that day has arrived. The armies of commercialism will chop roads through the greatest forest in the world, towns will spring up, and in a few years the alluring area will be leproisied with everything from filling stations to billboards.

In the name of all who believe in leaving something of the region which attracted Theodore Roosevelt and inspired Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to write *The Lost World*, can't something be done to stop these barbarians?

Why not declare the area a national park? I admit that this solution would never come to pass, but perhaps the suggestion will awaken even President Vargas to a realization of the folly of destroying what even TIME [Sept. 8] called "one of the world's last great frontiers."

ROBERT C. MARSHALL

Austin, Texas

Man of the Year?

Sir:

May I be among the first to predict that TIME's Man of the Year for 1953 will be President-Elect Adlai Stevenson?

STANLEY GREEN

New York City

With the Purest of Intentions

Sir:

General Eisenhower's recent statement that the U.S. would never rest until the Communist-dominated nations of Europe were free again, has met with some unjustified criticism. How can Germany ever be united and free again, except by a "rollback" rather than a "containment" policy?

With the purest of intentions, those who condone the oppression of Eastern Europeans are warmongers, no matter how sincerely they believe themselves to be apostles of peace, because there can never be peace without freedom, for instance the freedom to convince each other by other means than wars (such other means as the freedom to read foreign newspapers and magazines, the freedom to listen to foreign broadcasts, the freedom to elect one's own representatives and government), and the right to refuse to be miseducated regarding the good or evil intentions of other nations, other races, other religions, other classes of people, or just other persons.

S. D. ABRAMOFF

Rotterdam, Holland

World's most famous Location

2000 spotless rooms—
Sensible rates include radio
Many rooms with Television

The Famous HOTEL
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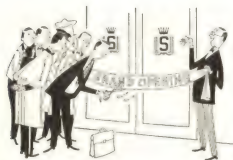
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A LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

Dear Time-Reader

This summer several members of the staff in charge of TIME's overseas editions made swings through most of the countries of Latin America. Recently I talked to Jack Stephens and



Jim Alberse, two members of TIME-LIFE International's circulation department who were just back from such a tour. The primary purpose of their trip was to help prepare for a new edition of LIFE in Spanish, but along the way they

picked up some interesting facts about TIME in Latin America.

TIME, they discovered, is often meal-time fare. In Guayaquil, Ecuador, Stephens walked into a hotel dining room for lunch and found about 20 people seated—four of them reading the new issue of TIME. At Rio de Janeiro's Copacabana Hotel, Alberse saw one family group chattering at the dinner table, except for the father, who was reading TIME. At another table, two men shared one copy, discussing it story by story.

At a bar in São Paulo, Alberse met a Canadian who said he had made a fortune speculating in wheat and cotton. A great many of his major decisions, he said, had been based on the news he read in TIME. Said the Canadian: "Every Friday-morning I have a boy waiting to get the first copy that arrives, so that I can read it right away. It gives me the smell of the world."

Even those who do not read TIME seemed amazingly familiar with TIME's stories. A possible explanation suggested by Alberse: the common practice of many newspapers which reprint something from the magazine each week, "whether it has any local importance or not." Many editors also use TIME as their own source of much background information. An executive of Colombia's *El Tiempo* told Alberse: "We read in TIME things that we can find nowhere else, and that we couldn't print ourselves."

Stephens was also impressed by the high regard in which TIME's correspondents are held in most Latin American capitals. Once, when he was with Chilean Correspondent Mario Planet,

who was buying stamps at a hotel desk, the clerk pointed to Planet and told Stephens: "Here is the best reporter in Santiago."

Alberse was in Peru when Correspondent Tom Loayza was getting the story on Swiss Mountain Climber Marcus Broennimann and his conquest of formidable Salcantay (TIME, July 28). Loayza, in Lima, had an assistant stationed closer to the scene at Cuzco, two hours from Lima by plane. Loayza was trying to get a picture which another mountain climber had taken of Broennimann on the mountaintop. Loayza tried to phone Cuzco, waited six hours to get a call through. Then his assistant had to travel 60 miles along mountain roads to a farm where Broennimann was resting with injuries he suffered during his climb. The mountain climber was reluctant to give up his pictures (he had only the negatives), because he wanted them as proof of his feat.

He finally let TIME have them, and the film was rushed back to Cuzco to make a plane to Lima—one of three planes to make the trip each week. The pilot carried the pictures himself. Loayza, waiting at the airport, first mistook another for the pilot, but managed to get the pictures just as the pilot was leaving in a taxi. He put them on another plane to New York. They arrived on time, and a picture of Broennimann on the mountain peak appeared with the story.

In Puerto Rico, Governor Muñoz Marín suggested to Alberse that TIME do more stories on his country, which he described as "Latin by temperament and geography. American by orientation and mental outlook." The governor also offered to look over any such stories before publication. Alberse told him that would not be possible. Replied Muñoz, reminiscing: "Yes, I know. That's even true of cover stories about the Governor of Puerto Rico" (TIME, May 2, 1949).

Cordially yours,

James A. Linen



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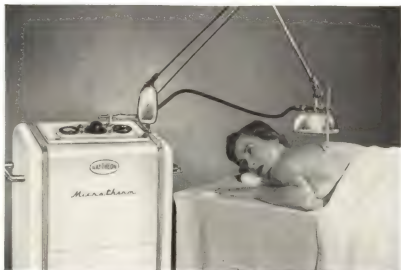
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NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE CAMPAIGN

Gist

The week's three big campaign developments were:

1) Senator Joe McCarthy, with the help of thousands of Democrats, won a landslide victory in the Wisconsin Republican primary. The size of his triumph (538,000 to 211,000 for his chief opponent) indicated continued popular indignation over the Communists-in-Government issue.

2) Taft promised his wholehearted support of Eisenhower.

3) Stevenson, in a San Francisco speech on foreign policy, emphasized "endurance" against Communism, and thus opened wider the gap between his attitude and Eisenhower's proposals for a more dynamic policy.

The Wisconsin Primary

So overwhelming was Senator McCarthy's victory in the Wisconsin primary that it suggested a thorough re-examination of the 1952 national campaign. It did not necessarily call for a reappraisal of Joe himself. He was not accused of being a poor campaigner but of making unsupported accusations against individuals and of distorting facts. These charges were neither proved nor disproved at the ballot box.

The significance of the Wisconsin primary was in how the voters of one of the more enlightened states reacted to the debate over McCarthyism. Joe was up against stern opposition. His opponent, Lawyer Len Schmitt, was able and well known. Schmitt put on a vigorous, adequately financed campaign in which he got a respectful hearing. Wisconsin law allows members of one party to vote in the other's primary, and Democrats were strongly urged to get in there and beat Joe. Democrats by the thousands apparently did vote in the Republican primary—but most of them voted for McCarthy. His vote reached 538,000, topping by 100,000 the total vote of all other candidates, Republican and Democratic. He ran well in Milwaukee wards where organized labor is strong. In a front-page editorial after the primary, the state *C.I.O. News* said that many C.I.O. members had voted for McCarthy despite the efforts of union leaders. The McCarthy showing was notably good in Democratic South Milwaukee, which is heavily Polish. Arthur Bliss Lane, former ambassador to Poland, had made

a pro-McCarthy speech linking Reds in Government to failures of U.S. foreign policy. McCarthy also did well in two Irish wards of Milwaukee and in Republican rural districts throughout the state. He showed some weakness in German areas of North Milwaukee and in the middle-class suburbs, which are normally



"MAYBE I TURNED MY BACK ON THE WRONG FELLOW"

Republican and contain a higher-than-average proportion of independent voters.

Peculiar and Wonderful. Two explanations of McCarthy's showing (given by extreme partisans) were: 1) Wisconsin voters are just peculiar. 2) Joe is wonderful. Neither explanation seems to fit the facts of the Wisconsin primary.

Wisconsin has a good balance of rural and urban voters, a record of alert citizenship and no tradition of following reactionary demagogues. From county to county it has considerable variety in occupation, national strains and religion, and yet McCarthy carried 60 of the 71 counties.* Under those circumstances, it is hard to see how McCarthy's appeal can be peculiar to Wisconsin.

On the other hand, the state's admiration for Joe seems to be sharply limited. Many of the people who voted for him openly voiced their reservations. Said one last week: "We know Joe is no saint. We know that some of the methods he uses aren't too good. We know that he isn't too smart sometimes. But we're convinced

that where there's smoke there's fire. And Joe has done an awful lot to point out where there's smoke billowing up. There have been Reds in Government, and Joe has been the only man to do anything about it. He's acted all alone, while everyone else has been standing around."

It was hardly an accurate picture of Joe's career. Specifically, it is untrue that Joe is the only man who has done anything about Reds in Government. But Joe (with the help of some of his enemies) has spread the idea that Joe is the one & only Red hunter.

Eisenhower, for instance, has attacked the "unjust damaging of reputations," and this is taken as an anti-McCarthy statement. But Eisenhower has not yet made an explicit recognition of the priceless service to their country rendered by men who justly damaged the reputations of people who really were Communists, e.g., his running mate. Senator Nixon. Nor has Eisenhower made a vigorous effort to make the Reds-in-Government issue an essential part of his campaign.

Stevenson has denounced "McCarthyism" in strong language: "Pursuit of phantoms . . . climate of fear and hysteria . . . loyalty inquiries . . . burning down the barn to kill the rats . . ." At Albuquerque, Stevenson did say that "the Communist conspiracy within the U.S. deserves the attention of every American citizen and the sleepless concern of responsible agencies of Government." But in the same speech Stevenson also said that American Communists were not, on the whole, very important.

Phantoms and Reality. The Wisconsin primary indicates that a large part of the American people believe American Communists are important and do not believe that the pursuit of Communists is the "pursuit of phantoms." The phrase, like "witch hunt," indicates that the user does not believe there is any right way to carry on such a pursuit because there cannot be a sensible pursuit of a phantom.

McCarthy was helped by this kind of attack on "McCarthyism." Apparently a surprising number of Wisconsin voters would rather pursue Reds in Government in McCarthy's way than refuse to recognize the reality of the Communist conspiracy in the U.S.

The Wisconsin lesson to the Eisenhower camp seemed to be that a lot of regular Democrats may vote for candidates who make it clear that they consider the Communists-in-Government issue to be

* Schmitt's two counties: Lincoln and Douglas.



Associated Press

EISENHOWER & TAFT IN THE LIBRARY ON MORNINGSIDGE HEIGHTS
The issue of liberty against creeping socialism.

important. To capitalize on this fact, Ike will not have to retreat an inch from his opposition to the "unjust damaging of reputations."

McCarthy has grown in power because millions of Americans think he is "the only one" really against the internal Communist threat. There is no point in blaming the voters for that mistake, nor will clamor against "McCarthyism" correct it. Other and far better men have to prove that they are more effectively against Communist infiltration than McCarthy is.

REPUBLICANS

Bob the Bugler

The surest thing about the Taft-Eisenhower convention fight was that neither could win the presidency without the wholehearted support of the faction led by the other. Within the hour after Ike was nominated, Taft pledged his support; then he left for a Canadian vacation, and many Taft partisans began to drag their feet. Their feeling was voiced by Indiana's Republican Chairman Cale J. Holder: "Until Bob Taft blows the bugle, a lot of us aren't going to fight in the army."

"Enjoyable . . . Enjoyable." Last week Bob blew the bugle. At Ike's invitation, he drove up to Eisenhower's Columbia University residence on Morningside Heights. The two breakfasted on honeydew melon, scrambled eggs, rolls and coffee. Afterward, they adjourned to the library, where Taft brought out a unity statement he had prepared for the press. Eisenhower read it over. They discussed it, with Bob writing in some changes and Ike scribbling down others. By the time the newsmen were admitted, the two had finished with politics and were chatting about fishing. "A very enjoyable talk," said Ike. "An enjoyable breakfast," agreed Bob. Then Taft walked across the street to a press conference in the King's Crown Hotel.

His statement established the basis for unity among the anti-Fair Deal forces. It marked the final step to be taken before Ike Eisenhower could soundly say that the Republican forces were together in the

fight for victory in November. Excerpts:

"There is and has been one great fundamental issue between the Republican Party and the New Deal or Fair Deal or Stevenson Deal. It is the issue of liberty against the creeping socialization in every domestic field. Liberty was the foundation of our Government, the reason for our growth, the basis of our happiness, and the hope of our future. The greatest threat to liberty today is internal, from the constant growth of big government through the constantly increasing power and spending of the Federal Government . . . I wished to be sure that the new administration will be inspired with the philosophy of extending liberty before I entered into an extensive speaking campaign."

"After a satisfactory discussion with General Eisenhower this morning for two hours, I am satisfied that that is his philosophy . . .

"I cannot say that I agree with all of General Eisenhower's views on . . . foreign policy . . . but I think it is fair to say that our differences are differences of degree . . . From my standpoint the essential thing is to keep our expenditures on armament and foreign aid as long as there is no general war, at a percentage of our total income which will not destroy our free economy at home and further inflate our debt and our currency . . . General Eisenhower emphatically agrees with me in the proposal to reduce drastically overall expenses. Our goal is about \$70 billion in fiscal year 1954 and \$60 billion in fiscal year 1955. That would make possible a reduction in taxes to the \$60 billion level for the year 1955 . . . In our opinion a free economy cannot continue successfully if the total tax burden for the purposes of all government continuously exceeds 25% of the national income."

"General Eisenhower has also told me that he believes strongly in our system of constitutional limitations on Government power, that he abhors the left-wing theory that the executive has unlimited powers, such as Mr. Truman's claim that he could seize steel mills, and usurp other powers generally without constitutional authority."

"General Eisenhower has also told me that he believes in the basic principles of the Taft-Hartley law, its protection of the freedom of the people and union members themselves against the arbitrary use of power by big business or big labor, and is opposed to its repeal."

"Completely Satisfied." For Taftmen who fear they may be cut out of patronage and policymaking even if Eisenhower wins, Taft had reassurance: "General Eisenhower stated without qualification that in the making of appointments at high levels or low levels there will be no discrimination against anyone because he or she has supported me, and that he is determined to maintain the unity of the entire party by taking counsel with all factions and points of view."

"I am completely satisfied that General Eisenhower will give this country an administration inspired by the Republican principle of continued and expanding liberty for all as against the continued growth of New Deal socialism which we would suffer under Governor Stevenson, representative of the left-wingers, if not a left-winger himself."

"I urge all Americans, and particularly those who have confidence in my judgment and my principles, to vote for Eisenhower and Nixon, for all the Republican senatorial candidates, and all the Republican House candidates, and to do everything possible to bring many others to the polls to do the same. I shall be glad to speak on a national broadcast or at any point throughout the country to the extent of my ability. I believe General Eisenhower will be elected . . ."

Back in Ohio this week, Bob Taft swung quickly into action. He promised a vigorous campaign ("Three or four days every week during the six weeks of the campaign") that will cover 15 or 16 states. Unlike Ike, Bob will not hesitate to name names—and plenty of them—as he too thumps away at "the mess in Washington."

From Indiana came an immediate reaction from Chairman Holder: "It is in the interests of America that Eisenhower . . . be elected."

Nothing Funny

The big event of the Eisenhower week was his reunion with Bob Taft in New York. There were three lesser but notable events: Ike's hardest-hitting speech thus far in the campaign, his hardest-to-swallow act of political expediency, and his take-off for what may be his most grueling swing around the hustings.

When he deplaned at the Indianapolis airport, Eisenhower had reached the final stop of his first campaign tour (nine states, 13 cities). At Butler University fieldhouse, Eisenhower tore into the Democrats. He had never sounded more aroused as he pounded in oratorical wrath at "the mess in Washington." Ike poured it on:

"No American can stand to one side while his country becomes the prey of fearmongers, quack doctors and barefaced looters. He doesn't twiddle his thumbs while his garden is wrecked by a crowd of vandals, and his house is invaded by a gang of robbers. He goes into action . . . by getting into politics—fast and hard. I'm in politics just that way . . ."

Scornfully, Eisenhower belabored the Democratic theme song *Don't Let Them Take It Away*: "A cracked phonograph record endlessly plays the same tune . . . Take away what, I ask you?"

"An Administration that fumbles and stumbles and falls flat every couple of weeks? . . . When the hand-picked heir [i.e., Stevenson] wants no part of the heirlooms, why should we? . . . The 5% fees for . . . court favorites? . . . The \$400 deficit that the average city family suffered in 1950? . . . The inflation that has cut savagely into . . . pension funds . . . [and] savings? . . . The record of losing our friends in Eastern Europe [and] in China? . . ."

"*Don't Let Them Take It Away* is a slogan only for the gullible . . ."

The crowd loved it. In Ike's half-hour before the mike, they stopped him with cheers and yells of "Go to it!" "Attahoy!" a total of 61 times.

A Diapered Debt. For the sake of party harmony, without which the Republicans might not win Indiana in November, Eisenhower publicly stood beside Indiana's demagogic Senator William Jenner, who is up for re-election and who has vilified Eisenhower's friend, General George Marshall. (Among past Jenner epithets for the old soldier: "Living lie," "Front man for traitors," "Unsuspecting stooge or an actual co-conspirator with the most reasonable array of political cutthroats.")

Jenner took every opportunity to stand at Eisenhower's elbow, slap his shoulders, get photographed with him. At a roast-beef luncheon, Jenner closed a roaring speech by telling how he had visited a hospital nursery where the newborn squalled noisily. Cried Jenner: "If you came into the world and you had nothing but a diaper on, and you owed the Government \$2,000 as your part of the national debt, and your diaper was wet, by God, you'd be crying too!" Ike colored,

ducked his head, put both hands over his ears—then laughed gustily and joined in the applause for Jenner.

When it came to endorsing the Senator, Ike did it without mentioning Jenner's name. He just asked his audience to vote for every Republican on the ticket.

A Touchy Nerve. This week an Eisenhower Special pulled out of New York's Pennsylvania Station for a twelve-state tour through the West and South, with eight major speeches and some 70 whistle-stop talks on the candidate's schedule. At the first stop, Fort Wayne, Ind., Ike, still without naming names, jabbed at the wisecracking of Adlai Stevenson.

"I am in this," said Eisenhower solemnly, "because I believe America is in peril. There is nothing funny in that . . ."

"We are involved in a war in Korea without any plans for winning it. We have had 117,000 casualties, killed and wounded. There is nothing funny in that . . ."

Ike's whistle-stop crowds were larger than Dewey drew in 1948, and their response was warm, although not wildly enthusiastic. Whenever he mentioned the mess in Washington he touched a nerve, and the crowds let him know it.

DEMOCRATS

Foreign Policy Debate

In his main speech last week—at San Francisco—Adlai Stevenson widened the gap between himself and Eisenhower on their attitudes toward the struggle with world Communism. Stevenson's key words were "endurance," "patience," "compromise," "negotiation" and "adjustment."

Said Stevenson: "With 85% of our budget allocated to defense, it is the Soviet Union which now fixes the level of our defense expenditures and thus our tax rates. The only way to emancipate ourselves from this foreign control . . . is first

to develop our strength, and then to find the means of ending the armament race."

Stevenson said that it "would be foolish to try to predict how & when the peaceful purpose of our power will succeed in creating a just and durable peace." Apparently, such a result is not to be expected soon: "The contest with tyranny is not a hundred-yard dash—it is a test of endurance."

Meanwhile, "coexistence is not a form of passive acquiescence in things as they are. It is waging the contest between freedom and tyranny by peaceful means. It will involve negotiation and adjustment—compromise but never appeasement—and I will never shrink from these if they advance the world toward secure peace."

Stevenson has on several previous occasions used such words as negotiation in reference to what the U.S. should do about Communism. Last May he deplored the prospect of a political campaign in which possible U.S. concessions would not be discussed. To date, he has not indicated what these concessions might be.

He turned to Asia with the standard Democratic formula: economic aid, land reform, resistance to armed aggression. He deplored the fact that "some men in this country seem to think that if a definitive victory [in Korea] cannot be won, we should either take reckless military action or give the whole thing up.* Such advice plays into the enemies' hands."

So in his discussion, Stevenson has not

* The number of people who think something like that about the Korean war may be larger than Candidate Stevenson thinks. This week Elmo Roper's public-opinion poll published the following results of what percentage of Americans agree with the following statements on what the U.S. should do in Korea:

Keep on negotiating	22%
Knock the Communists out of	
Korea once & for all	53
Pull out of Korea	12



STEVENSON & SONS IN SAN FRANCISCO
Coexistence is a contest.

Associated Press

yet dealt with a point which is recognized by Democratic and Republican experts in dealing with the Communists. The point: concessions to Communists have almost always made coexistence with them harder, not easier.

A Little Tired

Military strategists, they say, are always prepared for the last war. Political strategists think they are more forward-looking. This year, believing that Dewey lost in 1948 because he did not make enough speeches, they have worked out punishing schedules for both candidates. On his Western tour, Stevenson made 21 speeches in eight days, and before it was over he was showing the strain.

He made a well-received speech in Seattle favoring government development of resources not developed by private industry, then made his foreign-policy speech in San Francisco (see above).

From San Francisco the Stevenson party proceeded by train down the lush San Joaquin Valley toward Los Angeles, making eight whistle stops on the way. The governor's fatigue was evident, and he stumbled repeatedly. The crowds listened attentively as Stevenson angrily replied to Republican concentration on the corruption issue ("I am getting a little tired of having to go around the country telling people that I, too, am an honest man."), and they laughed regularly at the repeated Stevenson wisecrack: "I have been thinking that I would make a proposition to my Republican friends . . . If they will stop telling lies about the Democrats, we will stop telling the truth about them."

In Los Angeles, though he had stayed up till 2 a.m. working on forthcoming speeches, Stevenson had perhaps the most successful day of his trip. Speaking to an audience of business and professional men at the Biltmore Hotel, he made an effective plea for greater and more intelligent popular participation in government. Once again he denounced legislative pandering to special interests, terming it closely akin to corruption. "Sound government," said Stevenson, "ends when the leaders of special groups call the tune, whether they represent capital, labor or farmers, veterans, pensioners or anyone else."

Stevenson wound up his day in Los Angeles with a speech in the Shrine Auditorium. Then he set off on the final leg of his Western trip, a hasty one-day swing through Arizona and New Mexico. In Phoenix he complained that Republicans would not debate some of "the solemn questions" facing the U.S. "Their whole campaign," he glibbed, "reminds me of a phonograph record that monotonously repeats 'I love you, I love you, I love you'—and adds 'honey chile' and a rebel yell when the caravan moves South." In Albuquerque he warned against "the Communist conspiracy within the U.S.," and promised: "Under me as President of the United States, federal agencies will deal sternly . . . with all who would betray their country and their freedom."

Next day the candidate flew home to



LAUREN BACALL
Many a torrid romance was over.

Springfield, weary but pleased. The friendliness of Western crowds toward him had "even surprised local political leaders," he asserted.

As this week began, Stevenson held his first press conference in more than three weeks, told reporters that, unlike Ike, he would not give blanket endorsement to all candidates running on his party's ticket. (He did not name any Democrats whom he did not intend to endorse.) Derisively, Stevenson described the Taft-Eisenhower meeting (see above) as "the first time that the vanquished has dictated the peace terms to the victor." Said he: "I gather that the Republican progressives who fought so hard for the gen-

eral at Chicago are wondering what has become of the 'great crusade.' So am I."

Then the governor settled down to Illinois state business and to preparations for his next campaign trip—a swing into New England, Maryland and Virginia.

The Hollywood Touch

In Los Angeles, Adlai Stevenson was suddenly exposed to the Hollywood atmosphere. Like many another visitor, he found it unsettling at first, but not unpleasant once he got used to it.

The Democratic candidate's first brush with the magic touch was provided by chunky John R. McFaden, a pressagent hired by the California Democratic Central Committee. Moved by the dramatic possibilities in Stevenson's scheduled visit to his birthplace on Los Angeles' Monmouth Avenue, McFaden wrote out a script for the occasion. The pressagent was particularly inspired by a vision of Stevenson marching up the walk to his childhood home. "This," read the script, "should be done with reasonable reverence in such a manner as to give cameramen a dramatic shot of a historical figure returning to the place of his birth. Stevenson is met at the door by Miss Bertha Mott, current occupant of the house, who says, 'Since I was a little girl, it has been my ambition to fetch a glass of water for a President. May I have that honor now?'"

Shortly before the visit, the Stevenson party learned from grinning newsmen of the existence of the McFaden drama. While the governor preserved a stony silence, one of his aides hurried out to Monmouth Avenue to inform McFaden that Stevenson wouldn't follow the script, and didn't want any glass of water. Half an hour later, Stevenson himself appeared, went through a scriptless visit.

That afternoon the governor was guest of honor at a monster cocktail party given by M-G-M's Production Chief Dore Schary. Hollywood offered comforting evidence that many a torrid summer romance with Eisenhower had ended in a reconciliation with the Democratic Party to which most screen people have been attached since New Deal days. Gathered on the Scharys' lawn were more than 600 of Hollywood's big fry. Moving through the crowd, Actress Lauren Bacall excitedly told of her shift from Ike to Adlai. "Bogie hasn't switched yet," she explained, "but I'm working on him."

POLITICAL NOTES

Who's for Whom

Douglas Southall Freeman, biographer of Robert E. Lee and George Washington and military recorder of the Confederacy (*Lee's Lieutenants*), came out for Eisenhower this week in an article written for LIFE. "What makes Dwight Eisenhower so extraordinary a figure," wrote Freeman, "is the combination of his sense of duty, his humility of spirit, his incomparable training and his magnetic personality. Together these do much more than give the average man a respect for Eisenhower;



George Skadding—LIFE
DOUGLAS FREEMAN
Many will vote as Americans.

they give a man respect for himself, because he sees and appreciates greatness. This unflinching ability of Eisenhower to lift the spirits of his companions is certainly one of the brightest attributes of leadership.

"The South is not a unit and is no longer 'solid' . . . Every Southern Democrat who has told me that he was supporting Eisenhower has said, in one way or another, that he was acting now precisely as he would in wartime, not for party, but for country. 'If it's a local election, sir,' one hard-headed man told me the other day, 'I'm a Democrat, just as my father was and my grandpa were . . . That goes for the state elections too. I'll never vote to put a Republican in the governor's mansion, no sir, not me! But when it comes to getting rid of that gang in Washington, I say, to hell with Democrats and

THE ADMINISTRATION Report on the Bureau

A once obscure St. Louis banker named John Snyder has collected more taxes than any man in the history of the world, and has had more widespread scandals in his administration than any Secretary of the Treasury in the history of the U.S. These two facts assure Snyder a place in history, but he keeps worrying about how it will all look to history—and to contemporaries. Last week Snyder's treasury issued a glowing, 29-page blurb entitled *Report to Taxpayers*. Subject: The Bureau of Internal Revenue. Salient point: Snyder admitted 174 BIR "separations" during fiscal 1952 (including 53 for taking bribes, 24 for embezzlement). Otherwise, he said, everything was fine & dandy.

No sooner was Snyder's whitewash report published than three quiescent Treasury skeletons began to rattle again.

¶ Daniel Bolich, 52, assistant internal revenue commissioner and No. 2 man in the tax collections hierarchy until he retired last November because of "poor health," was indicted by a Brooklyn federal grand jury. The charge: criminal evasion of income taxes. Bolich (rhymes with toe kick) was under fire last April from the House subcommittee investigating irregularities in the BIR (*TIME*, April 14).

¶ Fred H. Altmeyer, 39, suspended deputy collector of internal revenue in Pittsburgh, was indicted by a federal grand jury for extorting and embezzling \$4,142 from two taxpayers.

¶ Lawrence O. Bardin, 51, former Indianapolis brewer and ex-convict, was indicted by an Indianapolis federal grand jury on charges of evading \$213,458 in income taxes in 1946. Bardin figured with onetime (1944-47) Commissioner of Internal Revenue Joseph D. Nunan Jr. last February, in charges by Senator John J. Williams, Delaware Republican, that Nunan, after he left the federal service, had represented Bardin's brewery against a Government tax claim of \$636,000. The claim against Bardin, made when Nunan was commissioner, was settled by Attorney Nunan for \$4,500, or less than 1%.

ARMED FORCES

Sudden Attack

Just before 6 o'clock on the evening of Sept. 1, the Air Force's weather forecast was justified; across Carswell Air Force Base at Fort Worth, Texas rolled a thunderstorm. Comfortably indoors, or away on holiday pursuits, the command did not worry about the reason for the base's existence: its mighty B-36 intercontinental bombers were snugly tied down on the flying line, and in wind-blown Texas they had stayed safe in gales of 60 m.p.h. Then, without warning, the big storm hit.

The 4-in. tiedown cables holding the planes snapped like twine, and the wind whipped the 139-ton craft about like Piper Cubs. As the big blow struck, a C-47 was ready to take off. The pilot saw

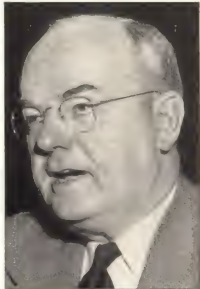
what was coming, and "flew" at full power into the teeth of the gale. The plane stood almost motionless above the field. In Carswell's control tower, the wind indicator hand shot up, indicated 91 m.p.h. Then part of the anemometer blew away.

As suddenly as it had struck, the tornado blew itself out across the wreckage of the flying line. Last week the Air Force announced the storm's toll: one \$3,500,000 B-36 destroyed, 106 others damaged at Carswell and at the Consolidated Aircraft plant. Estimated loss to U.S. taxpayers: \$48 million.

General Hoyt Vandenberg, Air Force Chief of Staff, called for an investigation to determine whether the damage could have been prevented and whether the Air Force should park fewer of the big planes at any one field. To some bewildered citizens, the most amazing report



DANIEL BOLICH
Associated Press
An untimely rattle.



SECRETARY SNYDER
Associated Press
A timely whitewash.

Republicans. What we need is a man smart enough and strong enough to drive out those fellows . . .

"We who are going to vote for Eisenhower as Americans—and not as Southerners or as Democrats—are relying on the mainspring of the American clock, the mainspring of political conscience that swings the pendulum from one party to the other, as justice and honor demand, and always, thank heaven, within the arc of two parties.

"We of the South are relying, also, on the political idealism that stirs the hearts of many people in this part of America. We seldom have attained; we never have ceased to aspire. Few heroes have been ours to worship, but those we have enshrined . . . Every Southerner thought better of himself because he belonged to the society that produced Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson and Wade Hampton. To that revered companionship, Eisenhower may be admitted."

was that the 107—more of the big atom-bomb carriers than the U.S. had even publicly acknowledged owning—had been lined up wing to wing. As the U.S., of all nations, had the most reason to know, enemy attacks can be as unpredictable as tornadoes—and even more disastrous.

HISTORICAL NOTES

Quaker Brown

A few weeks ago the Illinois State Parks Division temporarily closed down one of Springfield's proudest possessions, the two-story clapboard house in which Abraham Lincoln lived from 1844 to 1861. The time had come when the Lincoln house was to be rendered "authentic in every detail."

The renovation plans quickly became a hot issue in Lincoln-conscious Springfield. Although the house had been painted white as far back as anyone could remember, there now appeared a vocal group

of citizens headed by Archeologist Richard Hagan who argued that when Lincoln lived in it the house was brown.

Caught in a spirited crossfire of editorial criticism and scholarly sniping, State Parks Director Ray Hubbs called on members of Governor Adlai Stevenson's Lincoln Advisory Committee to settle the issue. When committee members assembled on the Lincoln lawn, they were confronted by Archeologist Hagan and Miss Virginia Stuart Brown, custodian of the house and a leader of the "leave-it-white" faction. Mr. Hagan was armed with a small piece of Lincoln house board which he had scraped down to a basic color described as "hound-dog yellow." Miss Brown, distressed at the prospect of a hound-dog yellow house, was toting her own piece of the Lincoln house. A discussion (as minutes often note) followed:

Hubbs: "We're here to decide the original color of this house. Some say one, some say another, I say let's get down to business and decide what it's going to be."

Hagan: "Now here's a board I scraped—"

Miss Brown: "Your board was put on after the '70s. Here's an original walnut board."

Hagan: "It doesn't have any white paint on it."

Miss Brown: "We know it was white part of the time Lincoln lived—"

Hagan: "The only proof of white paint is from people born after 1890 who talked to people born before 1890."

Apparently impressed by Hagan's scraping and by an 1860 Cincinnati *Daily Gazette* description of the house as "a Quaker tint of tan," the advisory committee members after 90 minutes' deliberation ruled for "Quaker Brown." "Quaker Brown" was defined by one committee member as "just about the shade of Mr. Hubbs' suit"—a light chocolate. Said Hagan: "If we get within three shades of the original color anyway, we'll be lucky."

TEXAS

Compromise

When the Texas Democratic organization convened last week at Amarillo, it contained three groups: 1) the loyalists, who wanted to endorse Stevenson and Sparkman, 2) the rebels, who wanted Eisenhower and Nixon at the head of the state Democratic ticket, and 3) the compromisers, who wanted to let Stevenson and Sparkman head the party ballot, but endorse Eisenhower and Nixon.

The loyalists stayed quiet and let the other two groups fight it out. Governor Allan Shivers, in his keynote speech, stated the case for the compromisers. He insisted that the state party was honor-bound to put the national party's nominees on the ballot: "I have been one of those who has sought a solution to our dilemma—the dilemma faced by lifelong Texas Democrats who sincerely want to vote their own convictions without leaving the party of their fathers . . . In my opinion there is no legal and moral way

of accomplishing the desired purpose . . . It is time for every Texan to caucus with his own conscience . . ."

Shivers and his compromisers won. The convention voted to put Stevenson and Sparkman on the Democratic ballot—and then urged "every Democrat" to vote for Eisenhower and Nixon "under the label of the Republican Party or the label of any other party . . ."

A group of anti-Stevenson Democrats were all ready to take advantage of the any-other-party hint. They filed a request for a "Texas Democratic Party" to go on the ballot, with Ike and Nixon as its nominees, and the same presidential electors as the Republicans. Loyalists went to



GOVERNOR SHIVERS
Committed to a fight.

court and got a temporary restraining order against such a ballot.

At week's end it looked as if Ike's chance to carry Texas had greatly improved, even if the "Texas Democratic Party" never appeared on the ballot. Shivers and the Democratic organization had committed themselves to the kind of fight that a politician can hardly afford to lose. Shivers' Democratic organization apparently had moved all the way over to active support of Ike.

CRIME

House Party

When Mrs. Elizabeth Hill, 43, answered the knock at the back door one morning last week and saw the young man with a two days' growth of beard, she was terrified. Her husband, James Hill, a hosiery-company executive, had left for work; her daughters Betsy and Susan were in school. In the big, ivy-covered house in a Philadelphia suburb, there were only Mrs. Hill, her eleven-year-old son Jimmy and four-year-old twins, Clyde and Robert. On the 8 a.m. newscast she had heard

about the three "desperate and vicious" bank robbers who had escaped from the federal penitentiary at Lewisburg.

"You probably know who we are," said 26-year-old Joseph Nolen of Woodbine, Ky. "We're not going to hurt you—we just want your house for a day. If you do what we tell you, nobody will be hurt." As Nolen pushed open the back door, his brother Ballard, 22, and Elmer Schuer, 21, of Chicago appeared from behind a trellis, pointing shotguns at Mrs. Hill. When the men had searched the house from cellar to attic, Mrs. Hill asked them if they would like some breakfast. "Yes, we'd appreciate it," replied Joseph politely. She fixed them some scrambled eggs, bacon and coffee.

Tonic & Lotion. Breakfast done, the three fugitives took baths and shaved, helping themselves to Hill's hair tonic and shaving lotion. Then they helped themselves to Hill's suits. When Joseph discovered that six-footer Hill's suits didn't fit, he sat down at an old treadle sewing machine and carefully altered the trousers and sleeves. The thread broke repeatedly, and Mrs. Hill kept rethreading the needle.

While one of the men stood by with a shotgun, Mrs. Hill called her cleaning woman to tell her that the car had broken down and she couldn't pick her up. A Fuller brush salesman telephoned, and she asked him to deliver the brushes she had ordered some other day. At 4 p.m., when Susan and Betsy came home from school and found Ballard guarding their mother (the other two had gone out somewhere on an errand), they thought it was some kind of joke.

Two hours later Hill came home from work, and Ballard ushered the whole family into the kitchen for dinner. They were all seated at a meal of canned soup, spaghetti, chili con carne, milk and coffee when Joseph and Schuer returned. "May I come in?" asked Joseph politely, standing in the kitchen doorway. Later the men played poker. They asked Betsy to join them, but she said that she played only canasta. The robbers told her they didn't know that game. Most of the time they kept the radio tuned to dance music, and they used no profanity.

Bedtime. "I guess you folks would like to go to bed," suggested Joseph at last. "If you do, just go ahead. I wish you would all go up to the third floor if you do go to bed." Hill observed that there was only one bed up there. So Joseph and the other two men carried up several loads of cribs and mattresses. Hill sat up all night in a chair while his family tried to sleep. At 3:30 a.m., 10 hours after the fugitives entered the house, he heard his car start up. The three men then drove away into the early morning blackness, where the FBI and most of the police in Pennsylvania hunted for them.

Following out orders from the trio, who had cut the telephone wires, Hill waited until 8 a.m. before going to a neighbor's house to call the police to tell them about his interesting house guests.

A KEY STATE: OHIO

One of the pivotal states in the 1952 election is Ohio, with 25 electoral votes. This is the situation there:

Background: In the 13 presidential elections since 1900 Ohio has gone Republican seven times. Democratic six times. In the past five presidential elections, it has gone Democratic in four. Harry Truman carried it in 1948 with 7,107 votes, out of a total vote of nearly 3,000,000. Contrary to the Democratic trend in presidential voting, Ohio has two G.O.P. Senators and 16 of its 23 Congressmen are Republican. Although it lies entirely in the eastern time zone of the U.S., Ohio's character is primarily Midwestern and its political temper is more conservative than that of most industrial states. The most effective political instrument in the state is the Cuyahoga County (Cleveland) Republican organization, headed by Congressman-at-Large George Bender. Bob Taft's white-gloved bell ringer at the Chicago convention, Star performer of this outfit is a Cleveland lawyer named Paul Walter, who in 1950 lined up 150,000 northern Ohio volunteers to work for Senator Robert Taft's re-election.

For Governor: Jack L. Lausche, tousle-haired onetime mayor of Cleveland, now completing his third term as governor, has a reputation as an able official. He is a Democrat who consistently emphasizes his conservatism and his independence of the rest of the party. There is no Democratic organization in the state except Lausche's. The Democratic state chairman, a Lausche man, does not work hard for any other Democratic candidate. Lausche is pleased when labor leaders oppose him; he figures that in Ohio this is more valuable than their support. On the platform he can weep almost as easily as Iran's Mossadegh, and can charm as well as any politician on the Ohio scene. In 1946 Lausche was defeated after some of his warmest supporters among foreign-born groups complained that he had stopped attending their weddings and christenings. Lausche quickly corrected that and now seems to be as popular as ever.

Lausche's Republican opponent is Charles P. Taft. Cincinnati lawyer, younger (by eight years) brother of Senator Taft. While many Democrats think Lausche is too much like a Republican, many Republicans think Charlie Taft is too much like a Democrat. As a result, Taft will get considerable labor support, while many a conservative who looks upon a "liberal" Republican as an apostate will vote for Lausche. Some Republicans have never forgiven the younger Taft for helping to break the Republican machine's power in Cincinnati in 1924, when the non-



LAUSCHE



TAFT

partisan Charter movement established the city manager form of government. Charlie Taft is a pleasant, hard-working campaigner, but his speeches are not striking fire in this campaign.

Seven weeks before the balloting, Lausche is ahead.

For U.S. Senator: John Bricker, governor for six years and Senator for six, is—at this point—the surest bet in the Ohio election. His Democratic opponent is a somewhat slimmed Michael V. Di Salle (writers can no longer call him squash-shaped, says Di Salle, because he has lost 30 lbs.). Di Salle is not well known in his home state, despite his three years as mayor of Toledo and his 14 months as U.S. price administrator in Washington. Di Salle is using the talkathon, the marathon radio question-answering technique, which has been remarkably effective in some states and not so effective in others. There is a wide difference in the organization support the two men have. When Di Salle held a press conference in Columbus recently, Democratic state headquarters didn't even know where the candidate was receiving the press. Bricker, on the other hand, is very close to the Republican organization—closer, perhaps, than Bob Taft. Taft is considered a great man; Bricker is looked upon as one of the boys.

Bricker is well ahead of Di Salle.

For President: Until Bob Taft announced his wholehearted support of Dwight Eisenhower last week, Adlai Stevenson was running ahead in Ohio. Many Taft-minded Republicans, bitter about Taft's three defeats at Republican national conventions, were talking about sitting this one out. But Taft's announcement of an intensive campaign for Eisenhower may have tipped the balance. There is no doubt about Bob Taft's political strength in Ohio, which sent him back to the Senate with a margin of 431,000 votes in 1950. Taft has said he will be on hand for Ike's appearance in Cincinnati Sept. 22, when Ike will begin a two-day tour of Ohio.

Adlai Stevenson will invade Ohio too, but he will not get the kind of help from Lausche that Ike will get from Bob Taft. Characteristically, Lausche is trying to avoid involvement in the Stevenson campaign. Nor will the governor's popularity at the polls be any help to Stevenson. Ohio has the separate "office" ballot plan. The names of candidates for President and Vice President appear on one ballot, those for governor and other state political offices on another. There is no one-mark, straight-ticket voting. (The plan was put through by Bob Taft's forces before the 1950 election, after polls indicated that Taft might run far ahead of the other Republican candidates if straight-ticket voting were eliminated.)

As of mid-September, Ohio's 25 electoral votes are in doubt, with Dwight Eisenhower gaining.



DI SALLE



United Press-Associated Press
BRICKER

NEWS IN PICTURES



REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE gets together with a flock of ducks at a Minnesota game conservatory during one of his rare days off. Hank Walker—LIFE



DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE gets small hello from chimpanzee at the Lewiston, Idaho roundup, as he relaxed from speechmaking grind. Warren G. Magnuson—LIFE



SENATORIAL NOMINEE McCarthy enjoys himself at a victory party after 540,000 Wisconsin voters gave him "go ahead" signal. Francis P. McCarthy—LIFE



VEEP NOMINEE Sparkman goes for a ride at Topeka, Kan., fair, where 7,500 restless auto-race fans interrupted his attack on Ike. Sparkman—AP Wirephoto



IDAHO WELCOME: Sheriff's posse escorts Stevenson (with son Borden) into rodeo arena, where audience of 12,000 sized him up.

Presidential candidate received a Stetson hat and a silver-dollar campaign contribution before heading for the Coast in his DC-6.



MANHATTAN SEND-OFF: Delegates representing 3,000 nationwide Citizens for Eisenhower and Nixon clubs (and their 250,000

volunteer bell-ringers) rallied round candidate before he left on second major campaign swing through 12 states (and some 78 speeches).

Associated Press

INTERNATIONAL

EUROPE

Where Are the Elephants?

Watching for the coming of a united Europe is like watching for the elephants in a circus parade. First come the outsiders, colored floats, steam calliopes and drum majors, tossing their batons. With each new sight, the kids shout "Here they come!" But still no elephants.

Since war's end, European unity has again & again been loudly heralded: there was Western Union, the Benelux union, the Council of Europe, finally the European Defense Community (not yet ratified by the parliaments of the member nations). Last week brought another hopeful attempt, this time by the Schuman Plan countries (France, Belgium, The Netherlands, Luxembourg, Italy, West Germany). The Schuman Plan's chief purpose is economic, i.e., to pool coal & steel resources, and to carry out this aim, the members have set up a High Authority (a kind of executive office), a Council of Ministers (a kind of cabinet) and an Assembly (a kind of parliament). In Strasbourg last week, the Assembly met for the first time and forthwith decided to go beyond economics into the business of political unity. That job was really up to the Assembly of the projected European Defense Community, but the Schuman people were in no mood to wait. The Assembly voted overwhelmingly to draft up a constitution for Western European federation (deadline: March 1953).

There were some dissonant chords in the calliopes' unity music:

¶ The British, who are not members of the Schuman Plan but sit on its members' deliberations, were a little shocked by the Assembly's action. They consider the idea

of European federation premature and just a little dangerous.

¶ The Germans are fuming & fretting about the Saar, which was to have become an internationalized zone as headquarters for the Schuman Plan. But the Germans want the Saar for their own; the French won't hear of it.

¶ In the Assembly last week, the Germans and Italians wanted to elect a German president. The French backed Paul-Henri Spaak. After a sharp skirmish, the job went to Belgium's Spaak, who last December quit in disgust as president of the Council of Europe's Assembly because, he said, it could only agree on "what could not be done."

Would the Schuman Plan Assembly do anything more? Said Spaak hopefully: "This is the beginning of a great parliamentary experiment." Nevertheless, the elephants were still a long way off.

TREATIES

Amends

Seven years after the gas chambers of Dachau were shut down, Germans and Jews sat down to sign a solemn agreement. By it, West Germany undertook, in the words of Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, to "make moral and material amends" for the "unspeakable crimes committed in the name of the German people."

One morning last week, at Luxembourg's City Hall (the Jews had refused to go to Germany), German State Secretary for Foreign Affairs Walter Hallstein smilingly handed Israeli Foreign Minister Moshe Sharett a golden fountain pen. Sharett bent over the reparations documents, and in the silence the scratch of the pen was heard through the room. But the pen made no mark: its ink had run dry. Stiffly, Sharett signed with his own pen. The other signers: Adenauer, and Dr. Nahum Goldmann, representing 23 Jewish organizations outside Israel.

Under the agreement, Germany will:

¶ Give Israel \$715 million worth of goods and services (mainly iron ore, machinery).

¶ Pay \$107 million to the Conference on Jewish Material Claims Against Germany on behalf of some 300,000 Jewish refugees living outside Israel, many in the U.S.

Extremists in Germany protested the settlement, arguing that the German people should not be held responsible for Nazi crimes. Bitter Israelis cried that no amount of "blood money" could atone for six million Jews murdered. But the Israeli government accepted the offer, because the country's faltering economy needs German products badly. Through a stroke of historic irony, Israel may be helped to its feet by the fruits of German labor.

After the signing, Konrad Adenauer walked alone to Luxembourg Cathedral and knelt in prayer. No one had seen the Germans and Jews shake hands. But back in Israel, Sharett paid tribute to Adenauer's "great civil and moral courage."



NAHUM GOLDMANN
A stroke of irony.

WAR IN KOREA

Three Fronts

On the Ground: At "Capitol" and "Finger" Hills on the central front, newly trained ROKs fought off limited but bitter Red Chinese attacks all week. To U.S. observers, the South Koreans seemed in much better shape than they had ever been in before, but they were still inexperienced in modern tactics and baffled by U.S. ideas of staff work. Said General Van Fleet: "They will need our help for a long, long time." Meanwhile on "Bunker" Hill, to the west, Marines fought off repeated night attacks.

In the Air: A scant 40 miles from Soviet Siberia, carrier planes from the *Princeton* and *Bon Homme Richard* twice bombed Hoeryong, a major supply center and port of entry from Manchuria to Korea. On the Yalu River, three dozen B-29s blasted the Suiho power plants, 1,000 yards from the Manchurian border, where the Reds were repairing damage caused in earlier raids. This is the first time that the big bombers have struck so close to Manchuria. Last June, when light bombers blasted the Suiho plants, there was a big fuss in Great Britain. Last week the British were informed of the coming raid in advance; there were no protests.

At the Truce Table: The only news was that a North Korean officer and two Communist soldiers arranged their personal cease-fire by deserting to the Americans. One of the Chinese came rattling through the truce zone at 50 m.p.h. in a Russian truck. Said Lieut. General William K. Harrison, chief U.N. negotiator: "We don't mind if they want to come through our place, but at least they ought to stay within our speed limits."



PAUL-HENRI SPAAK
A blast from the calliopes.

NATO Operation Mainbrace

The enemy armies from the east have overrun the plains of Western Germany and are pouring into Denmark. General Ridgway's armies are holding along the Kiel Canal, but the enemy has already penetrated northern Norway and is threatening to send an amphibious landing force around the North Cape.

This is the fictitious situation set for Operation Mainbrace. NATO's first big naval exercise, Mainbrace was conceived last year by General Eisenhower to convince NATO's Scandinavian members (Norway and Denmark) that their lands can be defended in the event of war with Russia. One morning last week, 84 men-of-war (including the U.S. carriers *Midway*, *Franklin D. Roosevelt* and *Wasps*, the Royal Navy carrier *Eagle* and battleship *Vanguard*) steamed in stately grey lines out of the Firth of Clyde. On the *F.D.R.*'s bridge, Skipper George W. Anderson made an announcement: "Any man who spots a periscope before it attacks gets special liberty to London."

When the fleet reached open waters, it formed quickly into battle array. British ships went one way, U.S. ships the other, until the two had formed into separate task forces like two huge targets on the water, the carriers in the bull's-eyes of each. Side by side the two forces steamed along, code flags dipping and bobbing, signal lights blinking. One problem of the exercise was to develop a "joint language of command" understandable by both tars and bluejackets. On Mainbrace, U.S. signalmen no longer reported signal pennants "two-blocked" when they are hauled to the end of the yard. Instead they used the British term "close-up." In return, the Royal Navy has agreed to spell words like "harbour" without the u.

The first clash with the "enemy" (ten submarines and one cruiser) brought on an intra-fleet rhubarb. A Russian sub (*H.M.S. Taciturn*) got through the destroyer screen and promptly claimed hits on four carriers, but the umpires (on the surface ships) ruled her sunk. Such differences will be resolved when the two-week exercise is finished and the commanders gather in Oslo for a review. Meanwhile, "sunk" carriers and subs fight on.

Other unrealities characterize Mainbrace. Neither side, for instance, has made any effort to simulate atomic attack. Nevertheless, the exercise will provide practical experience for NATO's men and officers in combined operations, help its navies to standardize their systems of gunnery, supply, refueling.

As the operation continues, carrier planes will strike at Bodo in northern Norway to drive the enemy back. Then the fleet will turn south to hit the aggressors near the Kiel Canal, while U.S. marines establish a beachhead in Denmark. By the time the two-week exercise is done, the imaginary enemy will inevitably have been defeated. The real one will have had, at least, a good show of strength.

CONFERENCES Storm in a Wineglass

"Everywhere else in the world," boasted a Frenchman last week, "people get drunk seldom, but in a spectacular way. In France we never get drunk; we're just always slightly intoxicated."

To remedy this situation, 300 delegates from 25 lands gathered in Paris last week for the 24th International Congress Against Alcoholism. Flower-batted old teapots from English vicarages, prune-juice-quaffing prohibitionists representing teetotalers from Finland to Madagascar, they seemed to divide into two categories: 1) the All-Drys, mainly British and Scandinavian; 2) the Half-Wets, preponderantly French.

Is Alcohol Sin? The All-Drys opened up with a learned distillation of the theology of anti-alcoholism. "Drunkenness," cried Belgian All-Dry Abbé Maas in sum-

per 1,000 adults) than any other nation in the world.*

Stunning as the facts were, to the French Half-Wets they were infinitely more potable than the drastic solution proposed by the British and Scandinavians: total abstinence. Tanned, fit Jean Borotra, onetime (1927 through 1932) tennis champion of France, told the congress that a glass of *vin ordinaire* with meals is just what the doctor should order. "You can't change people's habits," Borotra concluded. "We can't ask [the French] to give up the wine they love so much."

Is Anti-Alcoholism Superhuman? "A sinister plot engineered by the wine industry," frothed Briton Wilfred Winterton. Over fruit juice at a nearby *café* the Drys held a council of war, resolved to censure Borotra's scandalous remarks. But the Half-Wets fought back. "They want to prevent us from drinking, smoking, even making love," snorted André Mignot, sec-



Abbé Maas and fellow anti-alcoholics
For saints and heroes: walnut juice.

mation. "Is a mortal sin." Then the medicine men got down to figures. In Sweden, said Gunnar Nelker, ten times as many alcoholics get divorces as non-alcoholics. The industrial accident rate in Germany, rumbled Professor Otto Graf, is three times as high among heavy drinkers as it is among abstainers. But it was the French Half-Wets who proved to be the experts on alcoholism. "Instead of returning to his squalid home," said Professor Charles Foulon, "the French worker lingers in the *café* in an atmosphere of artificial joy." A colleague traced some of the consequences.

28% of mental cases among French men are caused by excessive drinking; France spends more on drink than on housing, health or education;

France's 588,000 bars outnumber its bakeries 12 to 1; the French claim that their bibbers include more alcoholics (22

retary-general of France's National Defense Committee Against Alcoholism. "We're French. You can't be an abstainer in France unless you're a hero or a saint."

The showdown came that afternoon when the delegates met at a reception at the Hôtel de Ville. Most notable item served: champagne. Frothing like a bottle of Piper-Heidsieck '37, a British Dry announced: "You don't invite a vegetarian to dinner and then serve meat. You know, this wouldn't happen in any other country." With impeccable Gallic aplomb, the *maitre d'hôtel* ushered the foaming Drys to a separate table set with walnut juice and other soft drinks. The Frenchmen stayed where they were, and before very long sent out for more champagne.

* The runners-up: Switzerland, 16 per 1,000 adults; Chile, 15; the U.S., 10; Australia, 6.7. Soberest of all: England, 2.8.

FOREIGN NEWS

EGYPT

Leadership for the League?

Egypt's Strongman Mohammed Naguib seemed likely last week to follow the example of Kemal Ataturk and outlaw the tarboosh (fez in Turkey) as a symbol of the Old Order. Tarboosh-makers protested: a tarboosh, they argued, nicely covers a bald man's baldness and adds to a short man's stature. Whatever the effect of their plea, Naguib continued knocking a lot of tarbooshes off a lot of prominent heads. Most prominent: Abdul Rahman Azzam, secretary general of the Arab League.

A brainchild of Britain's wartime Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden, the loose-jointed league was formed in 1945 to promote the political federation of the Middle East—and to enable the British to deal with a single Arab agency instead of with half a dozen squabbling dynasties. At that moment, Saudi-Arabia's crusty old Ibn Saud grandly proclaimed that the league "enshrines the fondest hopes of the Arab people," yet by the time it was three years old, it went down to dismal defeat and division in the Arab-Israeli war. Since then, the Arab League has been torn by feuds between Egypt and the Hashimites (Jordan, Iraq), precariously held together only by a common desire to be revenged on the Israelis. Egypt's Azzam, a suave intriguer, became a symbol of the league's division and impotence.

Mohammed Naguib hopes to reorganize the league—and thereby the Middle East—under Egyptian leadership. As the Arab League delegates assembled in Cairo last week they were eager for a glimpse of the new strongman. He promptly showed his hand, told Azzam to resign or be fired. Smiling, tarbooshed Azzam resigned. His successor: British-educated Abdel Khalek Hassouna, 53, onetime Egyptian Foreign Minister.

That settled, the league got down to business in an atmosphere of stern common sense, decided to 1) stop wailing about the Palestine refugees, and get down to drafting concrete proposals for their resettlement; 2) back Lebanon for the seat on the U.N. Security Council soon to be vacated by Turkey.

The league had a long way to go before it could hope to be an effective international force. But it looked better last week than at any time since its beginning. "The Arab countries," observed one delegate, "have vainly looked for Egyptian leadership . . . We have it this time."

At home, too, Naguib continued to prove a determined leader. On his first day as Premier, he presided over an all-night cabinet session (interrupted for prayers and sandwiches). At dawn next day, his government promulgated a code of reform laws designed to make sweeping changes in the ancient land of the Nile. The laws would:

□ Expropriate all land holdings over 300



John Phillips—Life

AZZAM

Tarbooshes were knocked off.

acres within five years, landlords to be compensated by the government.

□ Distribute the new land (some 700,000 acres) to peasants owning no land or less than five acres. Maximum to be allowed new peasant landholders: five acres.

□ Dissolve political parties, e.g., the Wafd, if they fail to live up to minimum standards of public morality.

Diplomats in London and Washington wondered out loud whether Naguib in his enthusiasm was pushing too far and too fast. Summary expropriation of land, for example, might dislocate the country's agriculture, cause food shortages. Strongman Naguib seemed prepared to take that risk.



Associated Press

LUIGI ESPOSITO
\$10 a year.

IRAN

Carpet for Sale

In his camel-hair bathrobe, Mohammed Mossadeq sat up in bed and received Hjalmar Schacht, chief fixer of Nazi Germany's elastic currency. In Teheran at Mossadeq's summons to take a look at Iran's Scheherazadain finances, Schacht presented Mossy with a plan to stave off bankruptcy. Main feature: increase the amount of money in circulation by 20%. He also pointed out that there was no real hope of balancing the books unless Mossy could reopen the source of nine-tenths of Iran's national income: the refinery at Abadan. Schacht added bluntly: Iranians are "lazy," ought to work harder.

Mossadeq also talked to U.S. Oilman W. Alton Jones, who, it was rumored, was trying to buy up Iranian oil (see BUSINESS). To his visitors, the old man seemed readier last week to make a deal with Britain than he had at any time in the last six months. Yet he still talked about \$150 million, with no strings attached, as his price for reopening negotiations. U.S. Ambassador Loy Henderson and British Chargé d'Affaires George Middleton did not think Britain ought to pay that much, but they did bombard Washington and London with urgent pleas for some further concessions to Mossadeq. By week's end London was still standing pat on its previous offer (to buy Iranian oil now in storage tanks, price to be fixed later, plus a \$10 million bonus thrown in by the U.S.). The U.S., whose policy is to let the British have their way in Iran, let them have their way. A Western diplomat in Teheran wryly remarked that bargaining with Mossadeq reminded him of a Persian rug dealer who keeps upping his price each time he opens his mouth. The analogy might be apt, but unless Washington and London make some real effort to get Mossy's carpet while it is still for sale, the dealers in the Kremlin may still pick it up free.

ITALY

Boy for Hire

Most days of the year the dusty market place in Benevento, 30 miles north-east of Naples, is crowded with hawkers vending cloth and shoes and fortunes. But on two days of the year (Aug. 15 and Sept. 8), the main commodity in Benevento's market is children.

From time immemorial it has been the custom, on those days, for the poor people of Benevento to hire out their sons, twelve years and up, to farmers seeking cheap labor. The children are brought to the Piazza del Duomo, where they wait while their parents bargain. The farmers take a look at the boys, sometimes test a muscle, go back to bargaining. For a promising boy they will pay the parents 6,000 lire (about \$10) and a few bushels of wheat for a year's work. When the bar-

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NOVEMBER
DECEMBER
JANUARY
FEBRUARY
MARCH
APRIL

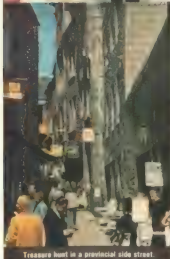
IT'S THRIFT SEASON

—TIME FOR ALL
GOOD AMERICANS TO

VISIT FRANCE!



Gala night at the Paris Opera.



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The thrilling "Téléphériques" at Grenoble.

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FRENCH GOVERNMENT TOURIST OFFICE

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gain is struck, the boy goes off to the farm. His family may visit him.

Lately, there has been a lot of criticism of Benevento's child market. A picture of Luigi Esposito, one of the boys for hire this year, especially touched Italian newspaper readers (*see cut*). The Ministry of Labor has investigated the Benevento market. But, said local Police Chief Martini: "This market has nothing to do with slavery. It is a time-accepted form of hiring farm labor for lower work, such as stable cleaning and goat watching."

GERMANY

Neo-Nazi Retreat

Like weeds in the rubble, a cluster of neo-Nazi parties sprouted in postwar Germany. The only one to cause any serious worry among U.S. officials was the Socialist Reich party (SRP), which last year polled 360,000 votes in Lower Saxony. Its mouthpiece was a cut-rate Goebbels, former Major General Otto Ernst Remer, who peddled the line that Germany must return to the "good things" in Nazism. Last November, the West German government jailed Remer, ordered the federal constitutional court to outlaw the party.

Last week the SRP announced that it would "voluntarily" dissolve itself. Secretary General Fritz Heller tried hard to make out that the move was only a strategic withdrawal—necessary to protect party members from Communist agents, who were supposedly threatening them. (In the past, the Reds and the neo-Nazis have been cheek by jowl.) But most Germans were convinced that the SRP was trying to dodge being outlawed, would try to continue to spread its poison underground.

GREAT BRITAIN

A Bit Different

Dr. E. Forbes-Sempill, Brux Lodge, Alford wishes to intimate that in future he will be known as Dr. Ewan Forbes-Sempill. All legal formalities have been completed.

So read a paid advertisement last week in the *Aberdeen Press and Journal*. But more was involved than a change of name. The Hon. Elizabeth Forbes-Sempill, second daughter of the 18th Baron Sempill (who is also a baronet), had always been a mannish sort of a girl. A brilliant student who loved to flex her muscles in such masculine pastimes as hunting, shooting and fishing, she deplored the necessity of making a formal debut in London clad in feminine frills. Later on, after getting her M.D., she became the popular local doctor in the Scottish village of Alford (pop. 1,300). Elizabeth exchanged her skirts for the more manly kilt.

Last week Dr. Forbes-Sempill, 40, who had spent an adult life not only emotionally but physiologically on the verge of manhood, was in fact—and law—a man. "I have been a man biologically and socially for several months, leading a bach-

elor's life and discarding the last remnants of the tedious upbringing as a girl," he said.

By an upland salmon stream, the heir to the family baronetcy (but not the barony). Rear Admiral Arthur Lionel Ochozcar Forbes-Sempill, 74, considered his new status. "As uncle of the present peer, I succeed," he told a reporter. "According to Scottish law, a girl can't. But Ewan . . . dammit, that's a bit different, isn't it?"

Historical Note

One day 200 years ago, it was Sept. 2 in the realm of King George II. Next morning, by Act of Parliament, it was Sept. 14. England, 170 years after most other European nations, at last switched from the Julian to the Gregorian calendar.

The Julian calendar (introduced by



DR. FORBES-SEMPILL

He deplored her debut.

Julius Caesar in 45 B.C.) was based on the solar year, i.e., the time it takes the earth to make its orbit around the sun. But Caesar's astronomers had not been accurate: the Julian year was 11 minutes, 14 seconds longer than the solar year. If this had gone on unchecked, spring would eventually have fallen in December, Easter coincided with Christmas.

By the 16th century, ten extra days had already piled up. In 1582 Pope Gregory XIII produced a solution: the ten days were dropped at once. Then he also decreed the dropping of three leap-year days every 400 years. With these adjustments the new calendar year was only 26 seconds ahead of the sun which means that each 3,323 years one day must be dropped. (Impending drop: 4905 A.D.)

By the 18th century, only Russia, Protestant Sweden and England were holdouts against the "Popish" calendar. In 1752 the elegant Lord Chesterfield persuaded Parliament to give in to Gregory. "It was not . . . very honorable to England to remain

in gross and unavowed error," he said, "especially in such company [as Russia]."

But there was feverish agitation against the innovation. Lord Parker, son of the astronomer who had helped Chesterfield draw up his bill, was harassed everywhere he went by the cry: "Give us back the eleven days we have been robbed of!" But somehow, the British resigned themselves to the loss, scarcely miss their eleven days any more.

The Crossword King

The British newspaper reader, like his American cousin, is an avid crossword-puzzle fan, but Britain's puzzles are as different from those in the U.S. as chess is from checkers. Most U.S. puzzles give clues that are at best merely obscure, e.g., "a device to fill the lower pane of a painted window" in six letters.† British fans expect their clues to be witty, ingenious, arch and wildly erudite.

Far & away the most ingenious of all British puzzle "setters" is a Sussex schoolmaster named Derrick Somerset Macnutt, whose crosswords appear each fortnight in London's Sunday *Observer* under the by-line Ximenes (a Cardinal Inquisitor of Spain). Ximenes' puzzles, for which he is paid 10 to 15 guineas (\$30-\$44) apiece, contain clues that range from pure cipher through anagram to outrageous pun. Samples: "Pleased a bag 14 lighter" in four letters; ** "Important city in Czechoslovakia" in four letters; †† "Shortage of bats at a high level" in six letters. ***

Last week some 60 Ximenes fans, ranging in age from 20 to 70, in profession from clergyman to bank clerk, gathered in London's gaudy Café Royal to pay tribute to Britain's arch-puzzler, celebrate the appearance of his 200th puzzle. Sporting a badge marked "Mr. X" and beaming at his admirers from behind his rimless spectacles, Ximenes took the opportunity to ask their forgiveness for No. 26 Down in a recent puzzle, which a lot of "solvers" had found too tough.††† He was forgiven. Said one speaker: "We salute you not only as our tormentor, but as our tutor and friend." Said another: "It is impossible to imagine what our lives would be without you."

Most Ximenes regulars (an estimated 5,000 weekly) say that it takes from two to four hours to solve a Ximenes. The puzzler himself makes them up in an average 1½ hours. "You have to be a lunatic with a distorted mind to do it," he says.

* Russia held out till 1918. As a result, the Bolshevik coup of Nov. 7 took place on Oct. 23 by the official Russian calendar, which is why it is known as the October Revolution.

† FVELDOT.

** GLAD, I.E., & GLADSTONE BSE minus one stone (14 lbs.).

†† OSLO, I.E., Czechoslovakia.

*** SANITY, I.E., no bats in belly.

††† "Earnest money got by leaving deposits on old clothes" in five letters. Answer: DVNDS. Ximenes explained that deposits on old clothes refers to dye; to get money is to earn; earn out of earnest leaves—est.

MIDDLE EAST

Report on the Kurds

General Matthew B. Ridgway flew to Turkey to inspect the easternmost outpost of his NATO command. He conferred with the U.S. military mission in Ankara, inspected units of the tough, well-trained Turkish army, and journeyed to Turkey's mountain frontier with Russia. There, General Ridgway looked around with the help of a B.C. scope.

The region was well worth a look: the rugged, isolated mountain country spanning the Russian-Turkish border and stretching eastward to the Caspian Sea may be the strategic key to the whole troubled Middle East. This land (see map) is Kurdistan. It is split up among five sovereign nations (Russia, Turkey, Syria, Iran and Iraq), but in the minds of the 4,000,000 fierce Kurdish tribesmen who live there, it is one country. It lies like a great, clumsy sickle over the Middle East, the handle anchored in the mountains near the Persian Gulf, the top of the blade resting in Russia and the cutting edge facing the oil fields and fertile valleys of the Euphrates and the Tigris. U.S. military men rate Kurdistan important for three reasons:

- 1) Kurds may prove a powerful explosive in any coup the Communists may try in the unstable Middle Eastern nations, particularly Iran and Iraq (last week, in addition to his other troubles, Iran's Mohammed Mossadegh faced a Kurdish uprising protesting against land reforms which the Kurds consider contrary to their tribal system).

- 2) Kurdistan is Russia's natural entry into the Persian Gulf, the Mediterranean, the Middle Eastern Arab states.

- 3) In case of a Russian attack on Turkey, the best invasion routes lead through Kurdistan, at Maku in Iran and Kuwandiz in Iraq.

All three possibilities depend on whether the Russians can win the Kurds to their side, or at least secure their neutrality in case the Red army tries to pass through their mountains. After a trip through Kurdistan, TIME Correspondent James Bell reported:

THE Kurds don't particularly like the Russians. Mothers frighten their babies with the threat: "The Russians will get you." Nevertheless, the Russians are winning the battle for the Kurds' allegiance, hands down.

How It Started. Back in the summer of 1950, when the Russian-trained forces of North Korea were poised to jump across the 38th parallel, there was a similar force in the Russian part of Kurdistan, ready to jump, too. It was Russian-trained and Russian-equipped. But it wasn't Russian. It was entirely Kurdish and led by a Kurd, Mustafa Barzani, a onetime mullah (teacher of Islam) whom the Russians turned into a general.

Barzani's army stood poised to strike for three months. Then, after it had become amply clear that the U.S. would



United Press
GENERAL RIDGWAY IN TURKEY
Worth looking.

resist aggression in Korea and elsewhere, the Russians withdrew Barzani from the frontier. But his army still lurks just across the border, poised and ready to strike at a word from the Kremlin. U.S. military observers describe it as a first-class fighting outfit, with its own tactical air group manned by Soviet-trained Kurdish pilots.

Barzani's army is the result of years of careful, dogged Communist organization among the Kurds, begun almost immediately after the Russian Revolution. On the eve of World War II, G.P.U. agents were busily signing dozens of secret treat-



GENERAL BARZANI
Still lurking.

ties with Kurdish chieftains. In 1942, after the Russians had occupied northern Iran, the Reds went to work on a plan for an "independent" Kurdish nation. They took a group of Kurdish chieftains from Iran and Iraq to Baku for a royal round of banquets and ballets. A Russian agent got wind of a secret patriotic organization called the Committee for Kurdish Youth, and promptly sent two agents, in the guise of horse traders, to offer "help." The youth organization grew into a full-fledged Communist party and, by the end of 1945, into a Communist puppet regime. At Mehabad, in Persian Kurdistan, the "Kurdish People's Republic" was proclaimed under the watchful eyes of Red army Tommy gunners.

The puppet state was squashed within a year by the Persian army, which marched into Mehabad and hanged its president to a flagpole. But the "People's Republic" left several legacies, including General Barzani, who had headed the puppet state's army and managed to fight his way back to Russia. I asked a Kurdish officer serving in the Iraqi army what would happen if Barzani's men came down across the border, calling on the Kurds to arise and unite. He answered: "Any Kurd—and I am proud to call myself one—would have a hard time resisting such a temptation. I am afraid Mullah Mustafa would be joined by many."

What They Are Like. In Kurdistan, snow caps the highest mountains all of the year, and the wind whines down the sharp valleys. The Kurds are men to match their forbidding mountains. The sight of a Kurdish horseman plunging down the side of a hill and breaking out on to the valley floor to gallop in a rising cloud of dust is unforgettable. Stop a car along one of the lonely, untraveled roads of Kurdistan, and you're almost sure to attract such a visitor. He comes thundering down on you as though he were leading a cavalry charge. A tasseled turban flies above his fierce, lean face, and the wind turns his wide, baggy pants into balloons. A rifle is slung across his back, and from the sash about his waist there hangs a great, curved dagger. As he reins up, he scowls ferociously and you murmur "Salam" or "Marhaba" in greeting. Then, chances are, he will turn without a word or a sign, and gallop back across the valley and up the hill to tell his people, invisible across the ridge, that there is another damn foreigner poking about their land.

The Kurds are big men, simple, brutal, suspicious, proud, undisciplined and able. "The only progress worth recording in Kurdish life," says one Middle Eastern cynic, "is the change from bows & arrows to guns." Millions of them today still live as their ancestors did, driving their sheep behind the receding grass line into the hills in summer, returning to the valleys as winter comes. In mud-bud villages and black goatskin tents, they huddle together at night, with sentries posted to scan the darkness for raiders. They have been in their mountains for more than 4,000 years.

seeking and respecting no foreign master. I have never seen a Kurd avert his stare or act humble. Above all, I have never seen a Kurdish beggar.

How is it that the Russians are making headway among these independent, intractable people? They have done it by exploiting the Kurds' very desire for independence. Since 1919, Turkey, Iran and Iraq have had to quell eleven major Kurdish uprisings and hundreds of smaller revolts. Turkey's Strongman Kemal Ataturk waged a relentless campaign against rebellious Kurds, even used fighter-bombers to strafe and bomb them (one of the planes was flown by Ataturk's adopted daughter, a crack pilot who, at 30, wants to get to Korea to fly against the Chinese).

But the Kurds' combativeness has meant not only trouble but leadership for the Middle East. The great Saladin, who matched swords and wits with Richard of the Lion's Heart, was a Kurd who came out of the mountains to found a 12th century sultanate which extended from the Tigris to the Nile. Syria's tough, able Dictator Adib Shishkeily is half-Kurd. Many of the ablest army officers in the Middle East come from Kurdistan. Syria's army and police force are full of Kurds. "When a Kurd is unhappy," say the Syrians, "he becomes an outlaw. When he feels better, he becomes a soldier on a horse."

What the Reds Are Doing. The Russians manage to use them, happy or unhappy. All over Kurdistan today, Soviet propagandists are working like beavers to

make the Kurds look to the Russians as the liberators who will come one day to unite them in freedom. Their radio broadcasts, pamphlets and throwaways are in idiomatic Kurdish that the people can understand. In Iraqi Kurdistan, Russian-trained dervishes (minstrels) wander from village to village reciting old Kurdish poems and songs. When the crowds they gather are sufficiently warmed up, the dervishes throw in a new song or two, heavily loaded with Communist propaganda. Almost all Kurds, even those who don't like the Russians at all, know Joseph Stalin by the affectionate nickname, "Father of the Mustaches."

A typical situation which the Reds exploit masterfully: When the Russians moved into northern Iran in 1941, many Persian landlords fled, leaving the land to their Kurdish tenants. In 1946, when the Russians pulled out and the landlords returned, they demanded five years' back rent from tenants. The tenants had no choice but to sell, pawn, borrow and pay up. There are no more bitter people in Iran today. That is why a Westerner who has been in the area for 30 years says: "If the Russians came back tomorrow, 95% of the population would stand beside the road and cheer. When the Russians were here they conducted themselves properly. The return of the Persians and the landlords was a great contrast."

Mehabad, cradle of the short-lived Kurdish Republic, is a rural slum today, thanks to the Teheran government, which

punishes Mehabad's people by refusing to buy their tobacco crop. In a recent election in Mehabad, the Russian-sponsored candidate got 1,600 out of 1,900 votes.

What the West Is Doing. The U.S. and Britain are making some feeble efforts to counteract Russian propaganda. Mobile film units show newsreels and Walt Disney films on how to stay healthy by not drinking dirty water. Britain has a couple of Kurdish-speaking consuls who are running themselves ragged. The U.S. prints a small weekly magazine in Kurdish which few people read. Its question & answer section ("Who invented penicillin?", "What is television?") draws about 30 letters a week.

A few Kurds have been to the U.S. and have come back fans of baseball, Xavier Cugat, and the Fifth Avenue girl. But by & large, most Kurds have heard of Americans only vaguely—and over Red radio stations.

"We used to think good of the Americans," a Kurd told me, "and we still hope they will be our friends. Financial aid would be all right, but it is not enough. You must send us advisers who can help us with education and technical things. The people consider America a useful country. They think the Americans have helped other countries and may some day help them. But the Americans have promised help many times. I think the people now feel the Americans don't stand by their promises. I think perhaps the Americans don't care."



Times Map by R. M. Chapin, Jr.

THE HEMISPHERE

COLOMBIA

The Wheel of Hate

Colombia's three-year undeclared civil war reached a new pitch of ferocity. Heretofore, most of the fighting had been confined to the countryside, where Conservative troops and police fought pitched battles against "bandits," i.e., Liberal guerrillas. Last week the capital city of Bogotá was torn with strife.

Following a funeral for five guerrilla-slain policemen, some 200 well-coordinated civilian "rioters" sacked and burned the headquarters of two Liberal newspapers, one of them *El Tiempo* (circ. 180,000), Latin America's most distinguished newspaper since the destruction of Buenos Aires' *La Prensa*. The attackers destroyed the newspaper's advertising and circulation records, wrecked its oak-paneled editorial offices and gutted its pressroom.

Challenge Met. Founded 42 years ago by Eduardo Santos, *El Tiempo* was democracy's most powerful voice during Colombia's period of peaceful progress in the first half of the century. During World War II, having temporarily laid aside his editorial responsibilities to serve as Colombia's President, *El Tiempo's* Santos ranged his country at the side of the U.S. His newspaper, printing not only first-rate world news but daily dispatches from correspondents in scores of Colombian cities, became a national newspaper, read from the Caribbean coast to the borders of Ecuador. *El Tiempo* was Liberal, independent and peace-minded. As such, it was and is a mortal threat to Colombia's little clique of ruling Conservative extremists, who hold power under a 33-month-old state of siege.

El Tiempo rose to last week's challenge. After missing one day, the newspaper borrowed an idle plant and triumphantly put out an eight-page tabloid edition. Santos, now ill and living in Paris, cabled congratulations to his staff. Four days later, *El Tiempo* confounded everybody a second time by getting its own big presses running again. Government diarchists slapped on a tough new censorship which could stop the newspaper from publishing. But for the moment, *El Tiempo* was selling more papers than ever before.

Asylum Sought. There was evidence that the great majority of Colombians were tired of extremist hateranging. When the government newspaper *El Siglo* reported that 36 soldiers had been killed in a fight with "bandits" early last week, the moderate Conservative *Diario de Colombia* printed proof that the real toll was four dead and one missing, and scolded *El Siglo* for falsifying the news. Said Medellín's Conservative *El Colombiano*:

"We are riding a wildly spinning wheel where today's victims become tomorrow's executioners and these, in turn, the future victims. Each victim feeds on the idea of retaliation, so that there will be enough hatred in Colombia for the next 150 years."

At week's end, perhaps the best indication of the tension in Bogotá was the fact that Liberal ex-President Alfonso López and Liberal Chieftain Carlos Lleras Restrepo, whose houses had been burned by the same mobs that sacked *El Tiempo*, took asylum in the Venezuelan embassy.

VENEZUELA

Election Promised

Venezuela has not had an election—or a session of Congress, for that matter—since its ruling junta overthrew the country's only popularly elected government in November 1948. Last week a hand-picked electoral council announced that an election for members of a constitutional assembly will be held Nov. 30. Between now and then, the 2,000,000 registered voters will hear very little but good about the junta; opposition electioneering is hamstrung. It is predictable that the assembly, which is to write a new constitution and name a provisional President until general elections can be arranged, will be on the best of terms with the junta.

CANADA

In from the Sea

A brighter era is opening for Newfoundland, the oldest English-speaking possession in North America.* After nearly four backward centuries as an isolated British colony, the rugged North Atlantic island—the tenth and youngest Canadian province—is becoming industrialized. Its 361,000 hardy inhabitants, who once looked

* Squanto, the Indian who acted as interpreter for the Pilgrim Fathers in Massachusetts, had learned some of his English in Newfoundland.

to the sea for a scant livelihood as cod fishermen, are turning inland to their mineral-rich mountains, their forests and power-packed waterfalls. With these resources, Newfoundland has launched a development program to balance its lopsided maritime economy, and change the sparse existence of its people for a fuller life.

The sparkplug of Newfoundland's drive to the future is a bouncy, bow-tied little (5 ft. 6 in.) man, Joseph Roberts Smallwood, 51, the provincial premier. A one-time radio announcer, Joey Smallwood stumped the island in 1948, and almost singlehandedly broke down its stubborn resistance to union with Canada. Elected the first premier, he set up an economic program that has brought a healthy flow of industry and capital into the province. Newfoundland's low income is already up nearly 300% above the 1939 level, and Joey Smallwood's drive is still going strong. Last week he was bustling around Europe, carrying his sales talk to industrialists in Britain, Germany, Switzerland and Italy.

Smallwood's assignment would stagger any ordinary salesman. The bleak island of Newfoundland and the mainland territory of Labrador, which has been part of Newfoundland for nearly 200 years, are among Canada's most forbidding wildernesses. Much of the land is barren and rocky, dotted with lakes and great bogs. In its 154,734 sq. mi., an area almost as big as California, only three towns have more than 5,000 people. There is still no cross-island highway, only a narrow-gauge railroad that arcs across the island but does not touch one hamlet in ten. Newfoundlanders get around in summer by boat, in winter by horse and dog team over rough bush trails or across frozen bays.

Spruce & Iron. In spite of its backward aspects, Newfoundland is potentially rich. The famed Grand Banks off its southeast coast, discovered for England by John Cabot in 1497, are still the world's greatest cod-fishing grounds. Newfoundland's forests abound with prime black spruce for paper-making; they hold the only big stand of disease-free birch left in Canada. Newfoundland's unharnessed streams can eventually yield an estimated 8,000,000 h.p. of electric energy, nearly one-third the total developed in the U.S. The rocky land is rich in iron; it has proved deposits of lead, zinc and copper, and encouraging indications of nickel and oil. Even Newfoundland's location is valuable. The most easterly point of North America, only 1,600 miles from Ireland, it is a vital outpost of air travel and Western Hemisphere defense.

An important intangible asset is the character of Newfoundland's hardy people. Newfies (a term they use but do not much like) are nearly all natives; 98% were born on the island, mostly of English and Channel Island stock, with generous traces of Irish, Scotch and French. Isolated



Map by V. Fogliosi



NEWFOUNDLAND Rocky slopes and stands of spruce, framing one of Conception Bay's many coves (above), are typical of the shoreline on Avalon Peninsula, where some 150,000 "Newfies" live

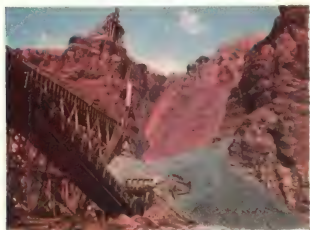
Below: St. John's, colonized 1583, is the continent's easternmost city (1,600 miles from Ireland); Grand Banks-bound fishermen reach the open sea beyond Signal Hill, where Marconi received the first transatlantic wireless message, flashed from Cornwall.

Painted by John S. McCullough





FISHING VILLAGES, like Brigus, birthplace of Arctic Explorer Captain, Bob Bartlett, land 60% of the island's annual \$27 million fish exports.



IRON ORE for Canadian mills is mined under sea floor at Bell Island.



PULPWOOD for U.S. newsprint forms \$1 million jam on the Humber.



CLIFFS & FOG make Newfoundland's 6,000-mile coastline treacherous for all except small-dory fishermen who know the fast-shifting currents.

for centuries, their character tempered by venturing a living from their bleak island and the sea around it, the Newfies have developed into an independent, hard-working, happy breed. Their wit and individuality show strongly in their geographic names. Newfoundland places are called Happy Adventure, Come By Chance, Heart's Delight, Witless Bay, Cuckold's Cove, Naked Woman Point and Horse Chops. Humor and theology are neatly blended in the fact that a harbor with a broad, easy entrance is called Hell's Mouth; another that is narrow and difficult is named Big Paradise.

Pork & Potatoes. "A man's set up in life," says an old Newfie tag, "when he has a pig an' a punt an' a potato patch." Through most of their history, Newfoundlanders have not had much more than these basic needs. They went out to the grounds and fished for cod. Some of the cod they ate themselves, with "crunchin'" of pork and potatoes. The rest they sold for cash to buy sugar, tea, wool for their homespun clothes, and an occasional keg of "screech" (Newfie for rum).

The 1929 depression cracked even Newfoundland's primitive economy. When the market for salt cod failed, one-third of the island's population was forced on the dole. Payments were only 6¢ a day, but even that soon broke the public treasury. Newfoundland had to give up self-government, and a British commission came in to try to get the island on its feet.

World War II temporarily ended Newfoundland's financial troubles. The cod market revived. In 1940, when the Battle of the Atlantic was heating up, Britain gave the U.S. an outright gift of 99-year leases for defense bases on Newfoundland. The big Gander airport was enlarged, and U.S. money began pouring into other defense installations; that gave work to thousands of Newfoundlanders. After the war, Newfoundland had a \$29 million cash surplus, and Britain gave the Newfoundlanders three choices: to continue with commission government (which few Newfies wanted), to return to dominion status, or to join Canada.

Joey Smallwood, already well known throughout the island as the operator of a St. John's radio program called *The Barrelman*, began plugging immediately for confederation, attacking the old prejudice against Canada,* arguing that union was the only sensible course. "We can survive alone," he conceded, "but . . . only at the price of poverty." When the issue was decided in 1948, Newfoundlanders voted to join Canada by a slim margin: 78,333 to 71,334.

Joey Smallwood's first big decision as premier was to spend the province's cash surplus developing the island's resources. Otherwise, he warned, "Newfoundland will never enjoy more than a meager, peasant economy." His opponents cried havoc, and

waited that the cash should be saved as a nest egg, but Joey retorted: "We will use it to get a goose that will lay us golden eggs."

Smallwood spent his first million on the most thorough set of maps and surveys of Newfoundland's resources ever made. The study convinced him that more mines, pulp mills and diversified industries could be established to lessen the island's dependence on fish. Then he began looking for a man who could turn the paper work into practical projects. Here Smallwood proved himself a rare politician, willing to pay expert helpers more than he makes himself. He hired Alfred Valdmann, 43, to boss the development plan, is now paying him \$25,000 a year, more than double Smallwood's own \$10,000-a-year income. Valdmann, a refugee economist from Com-



JOEY SMALLWOOD
Millions to buy a goose.

munist-occupied Latvia, had been finance minister of his native land at 29; he was recommended by Canada's able Defense Production Minister C. D. Howe.

Three Sample Plants. Smallwood and Valdmann, working together closely, developed a sales pitch to attract foreign industrialists. Aside from its paper mills, the island had never had any manufacturing industry worth talking about. Smallwood and Valdmann decided that what they needed first was proof that other industry could be successful in their territory. With another \$9,100,000 from the surplus, the government built three sample plants: a \$4,100,000 cement factory, a \$3,000,000 gypsum mill and a \$2,000,000 birch-veneer mill. All three were firmly based on abundant Newfoundland resources: mountains of limestone and shale, rich deposits of gypsum, and dense birch forests. Economist Valdmann disliked the idea of government-owned industry. Said Valdmann: "It's a damned bad thing for the government to be in business." But

they had to have working models of diversified Newfoundland industry to show to outside investors.

With the plants under way, Smallwood and Valdmann toured the U.S., Canada and Europe, pointing with pride to the success of the new mills, and inviting private firms to move in and do the same. They hammered away at their theme of Newfoundland's untapped resources, its cheap power, its uninitiated wage scales, its crossroads position on trade routes between the U.S., Europe and Latin America. As a final inducement, Smallwood committed the balance of his government's spendable surplus, offering loans of up to half the capital required for any reputable industrialist willing to invest his money and know-how in Newfoundland.

Four New Mines. The drive is getting results. A dozen new industries (e.g., a cotton-rayon textile mill, a machinery plant, a fish oil processing plant), which will employ 9,000 Newfoundlanders, have been set up. Ten major mining firms from Canada, the U.S. and Britain have spent some \$3,000,000 on exploration during the past summer; four new mines (asbestos, copper, zinc) are expected to be in production within three years. Newfoundland even found a buyer for one of its sample plants. The government cement factory was sold at a profit to a group of Swiss investors.

Newfoundland also is cashing in handsomely on the \$200 million building program at the U.S. bases in the province. Fort Pepperell, near St. John's, the Harmon air base on the southwest coast, and Argentina naval base, near which Churchill and Roosevelt held their Atlantic Charter meeting in 1941, are all being expanded. Much of the money is paid out directly in wages to Newfoundland workmen. Newfoundland also benefits from the free-streaming of U.S. troops stationed there.

The migration of workers to Newfoundland's new industries and defense jobs is steadily bringing the island's top-heavy maritime economy into better balance. An estimated 15,000 fishermen have come in from the sea to earn an easier, better living inshore. With fewer hands to man it, the fishing industry itself is being forced to modernize. The trend is to big diesel craft instead of the old dry trawlers, and to fresh-frozen fish packing instead of the wearying process of salting cod by hand.

A minority of diehard Newfoundlanders think that the development program is all wrong—that they should not attempt such a wrenching change in the economy that has kept the island since the time of Cabot. They say that Smallwood has gone "whoring after false gods" in his campaign for industries. Joey Smallwood pays scant attention to such complaints, preferring instead to restate his faith that old Newfoundland is at last beginning to catch up with the rest of North America. "For the first time in our history," he says, "our people have a chance to be healthy, well fed, well dressed, well housed and well schooled. . . . Newfoundland is on the march."

* Since 1869 a song with the defiant punch line "Come near at your peril, Canadian wolf!" had become an unofficial national anthem of Newfoundland.

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

A New York *World-Telegram* reporter, assigned to investigate the working conditions of Remington Rand's new \$100,000-a-year Board Chairman **Douglas MacArthur**, finally found the place, a "Tudor castle" on a 30-acre estate near Rowayton, Conn. He found the general comfortably settled in an Elizabethan-type 25-by-40-foot office. Asked how he liked his new job, the Old Soldier answered, "I'm doing fine, sir; I like it fine." Surprised at the presence of a reporter, President Rand asked if he had an appointment. "No," said the general, "he just crashed the gate." Rand then explained that the place was off limits to all reporters. Said he: "We try to keep it strictly private. We want it to be a place where our executives can come and think and do their work without being bothered."

The London *Times* noted the 100th anniversary of the death of the Duke of Wellington, and credited him with founding the tradition of English understatement. Said the *Times*: "The personality of the Duke, conveyed in a thousand stories, which glorify a reticence, simplicity, and a fierce contempt for false sentimentality, has become a national myth. Like all myths, it has helped powerfully to form manners. Understatement has, in fact, become a national characteristic, and Englishmen, in the 18th century as lachrymose as any people in Europe, have given up weeping in public."

The celebrated tabloid case of **Billy Rose v. Eleanor Holm** (*TIME*, Jan. 14) finally reached the comparative dignity of a jam-packed little Manhattan courtroom. As a show it was Rose's biggest flop. He had countered Eleanor's suit for separation by charging her with adultery with five men about town & country, and the billing for the opening show promised the most sensational divorce trial in years. But the presiding judge quickly disappointed the expectant crowd of reporters. He called the principals and their lawyers into his chambers for a 2½-hour talk. When it was over, he announced that Billy had withdrawn his charges, agreed to give Eleanor her separation. Said Rose glumly: "You can't win a fight with a girl." But he brightened when he figured that the session with the judge had saved him about \$1,000,000 an hour. There would be no lump-sum settlement as Eleanor originally demanded, and the court would decide on the amount of her alimony (temporarily running at \$700 a week).

Producer **Walter Wanger**, 58, was released from jail after serving 98 days of a four-month sentence (mostly on the Los Angeles county prison farm) for shooting Jennings Lang, agent for Wanger's wife, Joan Bennett, in a Beverly Hills parking lot encounter last December.



ELEANOR HOLM

Amidst comparative dignity . . .

In Los Angeles, after a day of listening to his father Adlai on the hustings, 20-year-old Borden Stevenson bolted for an evening of bipartisanship dining and dancing with **Dorothy Warren**, 21, daughter of California's Republican governor.

In Tokyo, the Imperial Chef and the Imperial Barber dropped some footnotes on the personal habits of their royal boss, **Emperor Hirohito**. The Emperor prefers either squash or sweet potatoes to rice, likes oysters, eels, noodles, and loves American candy bars. Because the imperial kitchen is so far from the dining room, he has also learned to like all his food served cold. Every two weeks he pays the barber \$4 for a haircut. The Emperor is easy to work for, said the barber, but "he doesn't take good care of his hair and mustache. Every time I'm at the palace



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In Johannesburg, Prime Minister Daniel F. Malan ordered that no passport be issued to Chief Hosea Kutako, head of the Herero tribe of South-West Africa. The chief had been invited to London to deliver a sermon in St. Paul's Cathedral. Said an angry canon when he heard the news: the South African government "spits at Christendom by refusing to allow this respected old Christian chief to come to Britain."

In Des Moines, Iowa, former Vice President Henry Wallace, Progressive Party candidate for President in 1948, announced that he was still undecided whether to vote for Eisenhower or Stevenson this year. Said he: "Both are very



FRANK SINATRA & AVA GARDNER
Good intentions.

splendid men. I am just waiting for their expression of views and to see what type of support each is getting."

In a church in the village of Gunsbach, Alsace Lorraine, Organist-Philosopher-Missionary Dr. Albert Schweitzer gave an organ recital for an audience of one: Belgium's Queen Mother Elisabeth.

Crooner Frank Sinatra, who recently announced that he was through snarling at reporters and photographers, offered some proof of his good intentions at New York's Idlewild airport. When his wife, Cinematress Ava Gardner, arrived for the Manhattan premiere of *The Snows of Kilimanjaro* (see CINEMA), Frankie not only smiled for the cameras, but gave them an added bonus: a husband-bussing-wife pose.

The Cuban Tourist Commission announced that the government's Medal of Honor (for outstanding contributions to



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Cuba) would be awarded this year to **Ernest Hemingway** for his new novel, *The Old Man and the Sea*.

At London Airport, Foreign Secretary Anthony Eden welcomed 17-year-old **King Hussein** of Jordan. Next day the King drove down to the Royal Military Academy at Sandhurst to enroll for a six-month course in soldiering.

Tennis Champion **Maureen Connolly**, 17, returned to San Diego after successfully defending her National Women's title at Forest Hills, to be greeted by 15,000 home town fans. The mayor proclaimed a Maureen Connolly Day, and announced that San Diego had chipped in some \$2,000 to buy her a thoroughbred hunter, plus all the trappings and two years' worth of oats and hay. Maureen's plans: to go back to work as a cub reporter



International

Oats, hay and all the trappings.

on the San Diego *Union*, with time out in November to fly to Australia to play in the Australian tournament circuit.

A reporter in Paris met Producer **Sam Goldwyn**, who recalled what General Eisenhower once called his "favorite Goldwynism." Said Sam: "I was asked if I was in favor of monogamy or polygamy. I was supposed to have replied, 'Well, I'll tell you. For the bedroom I like maple, but for the dining room I strongly advocate monogamy.'" Added Goldwyn: "It was a nice story, and it was one I never heard before."

Winston Churchill and wife put in at Lord Beaverbrook's villa at Cap d'Ail on the Riviera for a two-week holiday. Asked if it was true that the Prime Minister had been spotted in Cannes smoking a pipe, a secretary dryly speared the rumor. Said he: "Mr. Churchill has not been in Cannes. Mr. Churchill smokes cigars."

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PERSONALITY

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He fights in brightly lit rings for the pleasure of millions who know him by his professional name—Rocky Marciano. Never defeated. Rocky has won 37 of his 42 professional fights by knockouts, and has grossed upwards of \$150,000 with his fists. Now the ultimate glory and a succession of far greater purses are within his grasp; next week he will fight again (officially 38) Jersey Joe Walcott for the heavyweight championship of the world.

Boxers less wily than Walcott have no trouble hitting Rocky; he stumbles straight against their mitts. The poser is to hurt him. Hit hard, he merely frowns and keeps coming, and swinging, and missing. He windmills like an earnest apprentice, until sooner or later he lands one or two and becomes the brutal master. Then he drubs them. New England has not produced such a punisher since (in Vachel Lindsay's drumbeat lines):

*John L. Sullivan
The strong boy
Of Boston
Broke every single rib of Jake Kilrain.*

Rocky's manager, Al Weill, is a sly guy, in a notoriously dirty business. He has described Rocky rather glowingly as "A nice boy . . . a poor Italian boy from a large, poor family, and he appreciates the buck more than almost anyone else. Them type guys is hard to get out there. You want to look out for them young broke fighters."

Born & raised in the shoe-manufacturing town of Brockton, Mass., Rocky was the eldest of six children. At the age of seven he delivered 100 papers a day. He kept up his education long enough to play football as a sophomore in high school, then quit to begin a scramble of hard odd jobs—dishwasher, ditchdigger, factory candy-mixer, snow-remover, beer-deliverer's helper. He spent three years in the Army (partly ferrying supplies from England to Normandy), and returned to the old blank round. Rocky had boxed a bit in the Army; after his return he did some amateur boxing for fun—and broke his thumb. That small misfortune made him. "It cost money to fix the thumb," he recalls, "so I thought I might as well earn some fighting." His first professional fights were in Providence, 30 miles away. To get in condition, he used to walk there.

BUT Rocky's early road was not all rocks. He was as brilliant in sports as he was dull in books, and sports mean more to most boys. He could kick anybody near his size, yet he never suffered the loneliness and frustration of being a bully. Secure in the love of his family and friends, he grew up modest and gentle. "Rocco," his warmly matriarchal mother sighs, "was the best-natured child you ever see. He always want to be friendly. Always want to eat. He was 99% boy!"

When Rocky first decided to take up prizefighting, his father said, "Why not? You're strong enough, Try." But his mother used to spank him for fighting, and still disapproves. She never watches his fights, or hears them on the radio. Instead, she lights a candle to St. Anthony and then talks with a neighbor. "Just to get it out of my mind. But once in a while we look at the clock and I pray-like in my mind. I pray neither of them gets hurt. After all, the other boy has a mother.

too; he is human. Also," she adds with a smile, "I want my boy to win."

Rocky insists he enjoys "99% of the fight game," and likes the actual fighting best of all. "You work up to the fight," he explains gently, "and make the fight your pitch. Of course when you're in there you want to get it over with as quick as possible . . . anything can happen in the ring. You like beating the other guy. You like the way people treat you afterwards . . . A guy gets accepted."

THE 1% that sometimes galls Rocky is in the discipline of training for each fight. It means not seeing his young wife for six to eight weeks of rigidly controlled rest and exercise. "You gotta take orders, you know," Rocky says. "You gotta harden up your body so you can take a punch better. That discourages the other guy." (Discouragingly enough for his opponents, Rocky has never been knocked down in a professional match.) But even the training grind is generally fun for him: "I like to better my self, like an artist would."

Little Charlie Goldman, the topnotch trainer who gives Rocky orders, has spent five years teaching him a very few essentials of boxing. Rocky has succeeded in learning to keep crouched and keep crowding his opponents. That way his long body presents less of a target, his short arms are less of a disadvantage, and his extraordinary strength keeps the other man miserable and off balance.

"I teach him slow," Goldman says, "because I want him to feel natural." The fidgetless calm of Rocky's conversation, the buoyancy of his step and the rippling musculature of his workouts bespeak an unclouded mind in a body sound as brick.

Rocky appears much younger than his 29 years, and smaller than his 187 lbs. fighting weight. He does not seem made for gore & glory; he never looms, except in the ring. Apart from his flattened nose (which he broke playing football) and the inevitable scars above his eyes, he looks more like a compactly built college

athlete than a fighter. He has the rich tan and soft-spoken, self-effacing manner (though not the grammar) of a children's swimming instructor at a country club. To strengthen his heavy weapons, Rocky wears out rubber balls with repeated squeezes, yet his handclasp is tentative as a pianist's.

He is a man encouraged by absolute courage, convinced by boyish convictions, and strengthened by huge strength to fight his way from obscurity to the edge of greatness as a fighter. Rocky is not content to leave his mark on his opponents' faces; he badly wants "to make a good mark in the fight game." He has no doubt he will be champion, and he plans to stay on top a long while. "One reason the older-day fighters were champions longer," he figures, "is they took care of themselves real good. I don't drink or smoke—I tried to in the Army but I didn't like it—and I'm always in condition. When it's all over it would be nice to be a man people remember in the Boxing Book. Now, it's Jack Dempsey and Joe Louis. I hope some day it's Dempsey, Louis, and Rocky Marchegiano—I mean, Marciano."

HE clearly means no one any harm, but Rocky just as obviously loves to feel the arm-tinging crunch of his fists against another man's head. When his victim crumples and goes down and out, the vast encircling crowd roars approval. Modest though he is, Rocky responds wholeheartedly to those victory cheers; he jumps for joy.

To hero-hungry fans from Brockton and across the nation, Rocky is far more than a winner at such moments; he is Hercules, Ivanhoe, Paul Bunyan. He stands for the comforting notion not that might makes right, but that might and right are somehow synonymous.



ROCKY MARCIANO

SPORT

Eleven to Go

Two days after Labor Day, the World Champion New York Yankees led the Cleveland Indians by 3½ games; in the National League, the Brooklyn Dodgers led the New York Giants by a comfortable 8. At that stage, most Giant and Ind. fans were ready to concede the pennants to the front runners. But this week, in what was fast becoming the hottest pair of pennant races in years, both Cleveland and the never-say-die Giants were still pounding hard at the leaders' heels.

Cleveland Manager Al Lopez had closed the gap to half a game at one point by the last-ditch expedient of regularly rotating his top three pitchers, Mike Garcia (20-9), Bob Lemon (19-10) and Early Wynn (21-12), giving them only two days' rest between starts. Giant Manager Leo Durocher, juggling a crippled pitching staff, pulled up to within 3 games of the Dodgers, thanks largely to the standout performance of Relief Pitcher Hoyt Wilhelm (13-3), who has worn a path from bullpen to pitcher's mound this season in no less than 63 games.

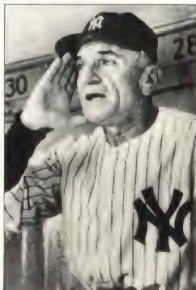
Brooklyn Manager Charley Dressen (who last week promised readers of the *Saturday Evening Post* that "The Dodgers Won't Blow It Again") hoped he had an answer for the Giants in Rookie Reliever Joe Black (14-3). But this week, when the Dodgers blew a crucial game to the sixth-place Cincinnati Reds, only a timely St. Louis victory over the Giants kept the Brooklyn lead at 3 games (compared with their 6-game lead at the same pre-disaster time last year). Yankee Manager Casey Stengel, aiming for his fourth straight pennant, had a more convincing answer for Cleveland. In the final Cleveland-Yankee game of the season the Yankees won, 7-1, and were in front again by 2½ games.

With the finish line only eleven games away, the time element was working hard for the league leaders. But the Yankees were playing most of their remaining games on the road. Brooklyn was plainly jittery from the pressure, and no team could yet claim a clear track to the World Series.

Pelota's World Series

In Cuba and Miami, the game is known as *jai alai* (pronounced high lie). In the Basque country of France and Spain, where it became a national pastime some five centuries ago when local townfolk used to bat a ball against church walls, it is known as *pelota* (the ball). By whatever name, it is a lightning-fast combination of handball, tennis and lacrosse, played on a concrete court varying in length from 100 ft. to the size of a football field.

At San Sebastián last week, deep in the heart of pelota country, 300 competitors from eight nations (Spain, France, Argentina, Uruguay, Mexico, the Philippines, Cuba and Italy) fought it out in the first world pelota championships. But the



CASEY STENGEL

Time is on the side of the leaders.

lineal descendants of the original simple game were so many and so varied that hardly anyone could agree on the size of the court, the resiliency of the ball, whether the game should be played barehanded, with rackets or with *cestas* (wicker baskets shaped like a pelican's lower bill).^{*} Finally, to almost no one's satisfaction, it was agreed to play 18 different varieties of the game. It was also agreed that a nation automatically scored a championship point for every game it entered. Spain, a canny host—"and with plenty of cheek," said one angry Frenchman—entered teams in all events and automatically picked up 18 points.

By the last night of the tournament,

^{*} The common denominator: the ball is served against the front wall, must land in fair territory and be scooped up in the air or on the first bounce and returned against the front wall. Points can be scored by either server or receiver. Winning scores range, whimsically, from 20 to 45 for both singles and doubles.

BASEBALL'S BIG TEN

The league leaders this week:

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Pitcher: Roberts, Philadelphia (24-7)
Batter: Musial, St. Louis (336)
Runs Batted In: Sauer, Chicago (120)
Home Runs: Sauer, Chicago (37)
Stolen Bases: Reese, Brooklyn (29)

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Pitcher: Shantz, Philadelphia (23-7)
Batter: Fain, Philadelphia (331)
Runs Batted In: Doby, Cleveland (96)
Home Runs: Doby, Cleveland (30)
Easter, Cleveland (30)
Stolen Bases: Minoza, Chicago (17)

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with Spain and France running neck & neck for the world title. San Sebastián was abuzz with pelota talk. The local *frontón* (court) was crammed with 3,000 spectators straining at the wire screen that separated them from the players (and also from the hard rubber ball, covered with goatskin, that zips up & down the court at a 100 m.p.h. clip).

Spain and Mexico were matched at *Cesta Punte* (considered the purest pelota form) in the final. Mexico's stocky Fernando Pareyon and Manuel Barrera, a ferocious hitter, were favored by the *aficionados* over the wiry Spanish brother team, Manolo and Joaquin Balet, sons of a wealthy Catalan textile manufacturer and oldtime pelota champion. While the Mexican team led a carefree tourist life before the match, Papa Balet whisked his sons off to a secluded retreat.

Better conditioned, and using a livelier ball than the Mexican variety (bringing anguished wails from Mexican officials), the fast-stepping Balet brothers whipped the hard-hitting Mexicans, 40-20. The victory gave Spain the overall championship, over runner-up France, 44-39. Noting the five-point disparity between the two countries, and recalling that Spain had entered 18 teams to France's 13, the elderly, greying president of the French pelota federation said bitterly: "Those damned live balls . . . Had I known about the scoring system, I would have entered myself in some of those silly games. I would have looked foolish, but France would have carried off the championship."

Who Won

¶ The Aga Khan's Tulyar, the 176th running of the St. Leger, second of Great Britain's classic races for three-year-olds; at Doncaster. Winner of the Derby at Epsom Downs, and of all his seven starts this season, the brown colt added \$44,577 to his winnings, bringing his total to \$214,808.

¶ Albino ("The Oyster") Rossi and Marcellino ("The Slipper") Bon, Italy's famed (for 400 years) gondola race; in Venice. Winners for the sixth straight time, Rossi and Bon received an all-too-familiar prize: a suckling pig, plus 300,000 lira (\$480).

¶ Frank Stranahan, the Western Amateur golf title, over Harvie Ward (who defeated Stranahan in the finals of the 1952 British Amateur title); 3 and 2; in Chicago.

¶ Sam Snead, the \$15,000 Eastern Open golf championship, with four sub-par rounds (71, 67, 68 and 69), by two-strokes over Runner-Up Ed Oliver; at Baltimore.

¶ Auto Driver George Hill, the hot rodders' prize of prizes: International Class C speed record of 229.77 m.p.h. (old record: 219.5 m.p.h.); at Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah. On the outward run over the one-mile course, Hill was clocked at a 235.41 clip. But the abrasive track surface shredded the tires so much that Hill was forced to ease up on the last half-mile of the return trip, timed at 224.44. His super-streamlined car, an Estes Mercury Special, was built by Bob Estes in a California backyard workshop.



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Women in the Church

In Boston, delegates to the 57th triennial convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church found the early days of their two-week session dominated by a delicate problem: Should women be allowed to sit as delegates in the church's House of Deputies? A commission assigned to study the matter said yes. Among other things, the commission noted that the Church of England has admitted women as lay delegates for many years. But the motion ran into trouble.

Most clerical delegates favored admitting the women, but most lay delegates were stoutly against it. Said one layman: "There



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is a physical and psychological difference between men & women. Men can fight things out in perfectly dispassionate fashion. You can say to a man 'I thoroughly disagree with your judgment.' But you disagree with a woman's judgment and you disagree with the woman." To the distress of the women and their clerical allies, the objectors won.

Commented the Rev. Leland Stark of Washington, D.C.: "Every argument used against this resolution was urged against suffrage." Said Mrs. Theodore Wedel, wife of the new president of the House of Deputies: "We Episcopalians will grow up eventually."

At other meetings throughout the week, the delegates

¶ Heard an opening sermon in Boston's Old North Church by the world's No. 1

* James Knapp, New York choirboy, who asked the archbishop why he wore short pants, and got a laugh for an answer.

Anglican, Dr. Geoffrey Francis Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury. Warned Dr. Fisher, making a rare appearance on television: "The essentially Christian virtues of moderation and toleration are assailed by extremists and fanaticism all over the world, by doctrines of 'apartheid,' by demands that 'what we want is therefore our right, and we must have it . . . without regard to the interests of others.'"

¶ Voted for an intensive missionary campaign in the "vital strategic area" of the missionary district of Alaska, "in the belief that Christianity forms the first line of defense."

¶ Heard a report that the total number of Episcopal clergy had increased by 600 since 1949—"the first notable increase in many years."

Faith of the Candidates

The editors of *Episcopal Churchnews* asked the major presidential candidates for a summary of their religious views, this week printed their answers. Excerpts:

Dwight Eisenhower, Protestant with no denominational affiliation: "You can't explain free government in any other terms than religious. The founding fathers had to refer to the Creator in order to make their revolutionary experiment make sense; it was because 'all men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights' that men could dare to be free."

"During the war I made the most agonizing decision of my life. I had to postpone by at least 24 hours the most formidable array of fighting ships and of fighting men that was ever launched across the sea against a hostile shore . . . This is what I found out about religion: it gives you courage to make the decisions you must make in a crisis, and then the confidence to leave the result to higher power. Only by trust in oneself and trust in God can a man carrying responsibility find repose."

Adlai Stevenson, Unitarian: "Religious faith remains, in my opinion, our greatest national resource . . . It is our protection against the moral confusion, which is too often the moral nihilism, of this age. The blight of moral relativism has not fallen destructively upon us . . . The mass of our people expect of their public servants probity and decisive distinction between right and wrong in the discharge of their public responsibilities."

"The burdens attached to the office of President of the United States are enormous. I know that those responsibilities are so far beyond the limits of human

* Before his departure for England, the Archbishop had a few words to say about TV. "The world," he noted, "would have been a happier place if television had never been discovered . . . Television is part of the uneasiness of life . . . a mass-produced form of education which is potentially one of the greatest dangers in the world." He admitted, however, that Mrs. Fisher has become a baseball fan by watching ball games on television.

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wisdom and strength that, if I am called upon to bear them, I should be utterly dependent on the sustaining power of God as the source of truth and of wisdom in the endless hours of uncertainty and anxiety."

Embattled Basques

The million-odd Basques in northern Spain are Spaniards mainly by geography. As one of Europe's oldest national minorities,* they have fought for centuries to keep their identity distinct from their Spanish neighbors, who had conquered the Basque provinces by the 16th century. During the Spanish Civil War, the Republican government granted the Basques autonomy, and thereby got most of them on its side. After the war, Generalissimo Franco returned to the older



Paul M. Pletsch—Black Spaniard
Basque LINOTYPERS
Is nationalism a crime?

Spanish policy of trying to stamp out Basque culture and traditions.

Politically powerless, the stoutly Roman Catholic Basques have rallied around their church as the last champion of their national rights. Their clergy, unlike the Spanish church, was overwhelmingly anti-Franco in the Civil War; the Franco government, in reprisal, executed 17 priests, imprisoned many others, and exiled the Basque Bishop of Vitoria. Although new Spanish bishops were sent to three Basque dioceses, the local clergy remained rebellious, went on teaching the catechism in the Basque language and talking about Basque national traditions from their pulpits—both serious crimes in the eyes of Franco's government.

Mountain Monastery. Two years ago a group of Basque pastors began to publish a semi-clandestine mimeographed magazine called *Egis* (Basque for "truth"), in which nationalistic as well as

* The fair-complexioned Basques are probably survivors of a prehistoric race of European aborigines. Their jawbreaking language has no resemblances to any European tongue.

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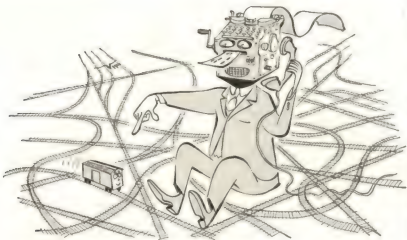
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SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY, D. J. RUSSELL, President

moral problems were openly discussed. It was highly successful. Each laboriously circulated issue found its way to some 50,000 readers. When the three Spanish bishops told the priests to stop publication, they ignored the order. The bishops then decreed that any priest connected with *Egis* would be suspended. Reluctantly, some weeks ago, the priests yielded.

Last week hundreds of Basque parish priests gathered for devotions and conferences at the mountain shrine of Our Lady of Aranzazu, by tradition the patroness of the Basque nation. For more than 500 years Aranzazu's monastery has been a wellspring of Basque culture. It remains so today. Its 128 cloistered Franciscan friars are outside the jurisdiction of the Spanish bishops. Although armed civil guardsmen are posted around their monastery, Franco's government has never dared to invade it.

Cassock Ribbons. At their printing plant inside the monastery, the monks still turn out books and magazines in the Basque language. In their trips through the countryside, they work quietly to preserve the Basque consciousness of their people, as well as certain moral freedoms generally overlooked in the rest of Spain. A year ago, during serious anti-government strikes in the Basque provinces, Spanish bishops were warning priests to tell the people that such striking was a mortal sin. One of Aranzazu's Franciscans, speaking from the pulpit, countered: "The right to strike without violence is a right granted by God as one of man's natural freedoms."

During last week's meetings with the monks of Aranzazu, pious Basque priests earnestly discussed how they might keep their old culture and religion from slipping away from the country. A few days later, they left the monastery to go down to their scattered parishes, their faith renewed by the monastery's support. Said one, caressing a small green, white and red ribbon (for the Basque national colors) pinned on his rough cassock: "While there is one Franciscan at the shrine of Our Lady of Aranzazu, the Basque culture will not die."

More Punch

Delegates to the triennial synod of the Church of England in Canada, meeting in London, Ont. last week, suggested that the Ten Commandments, as recited in the Church of England's Communion service, could stand some improvement. They recommended that the Biblical text generally called the "eleventh commandment" be added. It reads: "A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." Explained the Rev. R. F. Palmer, one of the motion's sponsors: "We feel this change is necessary to give the commandments more punch. Because people's morals are not good enough today, there is a crying need for the revival of these commandments in everyday life."

* John 13:34.



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As a matter of fact, if your shopping list includes items such as a coke oven battery, a sintering plant, an open hearth furnace, rolling mills, a coal chemical plant . . . anything in the line of metallurgical construction . . . Koppers engineers are eminently well-qualified to fix you up with them, too.

For Koppers engineers are specialists in the metallurgical field. In designing and constructing everything from coke plants to complete, integrated steel mills all over the world, they have developed many modern techniques and new answers to old problems that are now accepted as standards throughout the iron and steel industry.

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Koppers Company, Inc., Engineering and Construction Division, Pittsburgh 19, Pa.



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SERVICE PIN...for you, too

Chances are you've seen this pin. It represents 15 years of service with Socony-Vacuum. Six out of 10 of our industrial engineers and salesmen wear it. Four out of 10 have served over 20 years. In fact, the average length of service of all Socony-Vacuum lubrication and process products representatives is almost 17 years! All this petroleum engineering experience, the world's greatest, is yours when you call on Socony-Vacuum. Why accept less for *your* plant?

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MEDICINE

Polio Peak?

In the first week of September, said the Public Health Service, U.S. polio cases were running ahead of the number at the same time in 1949, the worst polio year on record. This year there were 26,039 reported cases, 610 more than three years ago. This does not mean that 1952 will eventually go down as "worse" than 1949. P.H.S. doctors are hopeful that modern techniques will reduce deaths and paralysis, but they are still waiting for their statistics to show that the peak of this year's epidemic has passed.

Preventive Psychiatry

When she was eleven years old, the patient was taken to the hospital with a stomach-ache. There, a young intern recommended a psychiatric examination and sent her home with some aspirin. The aspirin seemed to work wonders. Neither the girl nor her parents saw much need for psychiatry.

Later the persistent stomach-ache returned, and the girl started a 35-year tour through American hospitals. She had nine abdominal operations and some 5,600 hours of free medical attention, but the doctors never found any physical basis for her aches & pains. She became a helpless invalid before she finally took the first young surgeon's advice. Then it was too late. No psychiatrist could turn back the clock. By then the doctors agreed that her first trouble had been a simple, psychogenic stomach-ache, but it had snowballed until every problem in her life brought gastro-intestinal distress. She became a hopeless hypochondriac, obsessed with her mentally tangled intestines, incurably ill with what the late great Sir William Osler, who was not given to psychiatric terminology, called "bowels on the brain."

"This is not an extreme or exceptional example," says Psychoanalyst Lawrence S. Kubie in the current *Bulletin of the New York Academy of Medicine*. Some 50 hours of preventive psychiatry might well have prevented the "fantastic generosity" of 5,600 hours of surgery and medicine—which in this case were "not only wasted, but were actually destructive." What the U.S. badly needs, says Dr. Kubie, is a nationwide program of preventive psychiatry. It "would be an economy for every general hospital . . . for individual private practitioners, but above all, in the lives of . . . patients."

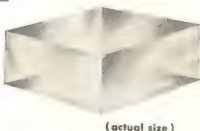
Kubie concedes that it would be difficult to put such a program into practice. The people he wants to treat are not very sick, nor are they likely to recognize the nature of their symptoms. More often than not, they will object if a general practitioner advises psychiatric attention: too many people live with a primitive fear of insanity.

"What we lack," says Dr. Kubie sadly, "is a magic mirror which would make it possible for [an] individual to look to or 20 years into the future to see the price

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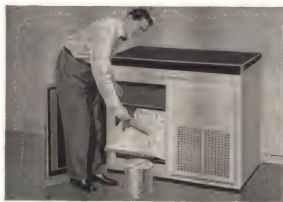
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And it can pay for itself in a year!

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**Reader's Digest,
January, 1930.*

**VICEROYS COST ONLY A PENNY PER PACK
MORE THAN BRANDS WITHOUT FILTERS**

that he will pay for [the] nagging problem which he is able to lock up in some watertight compartment today."

Lacking a magic mirror, Dr. Kubie offers physicians a rough test for detecting psychiatric disturbances: "If a patient can use common-sense advice effectively, no more is needed, and our patient cannot have been very ill. When [common-sense advice] rolls off the proverbial duck's back, then that duck is ill, and needs technical help as early as it can be brought to bear."

Harem Surgeon

WANTED: Physicians for appointment to royal family. Young general practitioner or specialist well-qualified in surgery, particularly appendectomies. Wife also doctor, well-qualified in obstetrics and gynecology. Hot climate. May not have children accompanying. Must be American-born graduates of Class A medical schools. All expenses paid for interviews in New York and Washington. Two-year contract, to \$50,000 per annum for both. No U.S.A. income tax. Will reside in palace. Complete maintenance.

—Advertisement of the Woodward Medical Personnel Bureau, Chicago

A few young doctors who read the ad in medical journals last week thumbed fruitlessly through their atlases and then asked the Woodward Bureau for more details. Sworn to secrecy about the monarch and country involved, the bureau could only give a few tantalizing hints:

- 1) The doctors will live in a palace apartment and eat good American food; their employer will pick up the tab.
- 2) The husband will take care of a monarch and his male cohorts; he will also supervise the construction of a 50-bed palace infirmary.
- 3) The wife will prescribe for the monarch's four legal wives and his ample harem. She will have to observe local ground rules and wear a veil when out of doors.

4) There is so little rainfall in his land that the monarch's wives and other palace ladies bathe in French perfume.

Adventurous doctors could make a good guess that the job would take them to a Mohammedan court, somewhere on the dry but oil-rich Arabian peninsula. By week's end, six well-qualified couples had applied.

Magnetic Molars

In St. Louis last week, Drs. Charles Belting, Maury Massler and Isaac Shour told the American Dental Association that at the age of 45, one out of every two men will have lost all his teeth or will be suffering from a disease of the gums or jawbone. For the toothless unfortunates, Dentists Stanley J. Behrman and George F. Egan described a new method of locking false teeth in place with magnets. Protected by plastic and tantalum mesh, the magnets are imbedded in the jawbone and lock tight against similar magnets built into the denture.



HOW TO MAKE YOUR NAME

stick



It's a mystery to most people... a problem to manufacturers. And the most practical solution from any point of view is the new DOT Fishtail fastener. Specially designed for nameplates and other die-cast trim, it has teeth that actually bite into the nameplate's chrome-finished studs. Quickly assembled with a simple hand tool, it holds and retains sealing compounds, works equally well on flat or contoured surfaces. Spring tension ensures positive locking yet allows adjustment for oversize holes.

Fishtail fasteners are available in several sizes and types. These and thousands of other specialized fasteners and allied devices, designed by United-Carr, help speed assembly, cut costs, improve product performance for manufacturers of appliances... automobiles, electronic apparatus, aircraft, furniture. If you need special fasteners in volume, check first with United-Carr — FIRST IN FASTENERS.

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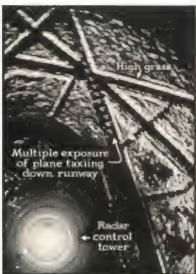
NATURAL CAMERA PHOTO®
Seeing is not believing.

In a Pig's Eye

Photographer Ralph P. Creer of Chicago, who specializes in medical pictures, had often heard that human and animal eyes are natural cameras. But he had never seen any pictures taken with them. Creer got a collection of pig, sheep and beef eyes from Chicago's stockyards and set to work.

First he tried to put photographic film into an eye near the center of the retina, the point where the lens brings the image naturally to a focus. This did not work; eye fluids ruined the film. So he cut a small hole in the rear of the eyeball and placed in it a disk of film about as big as a pea. When an object was held six inches away, the lens of the eye brought its image to a focus on the film. The aperture

© Sheep's-eye close-up of Comic Strip Artist Ken (Harry Worth) Allen's bespectacled ex-Career Girl Brick.



RADAR VIEW OF IDLEWILD
Bright dots on a moving map.

of this "camera," he figured was somewhere between $f1.0$ and $f11$.

Then, using a slow film and a flash attachment, Creer took a series of photographs—of newspaper headlines, trademarks, comic strips—which he showed last week to a New York meeting of the Biological Photographic Association. The pictures were clear enough, considering the size of the film, but they were somewhat distorted because an eye lens is intended to focus on a curved surface, not on a flat film.

Creer wants to make clear that pigs, sheep and steers do not necessarily see what their eyes "saw" when they were used as cameras. The image on the retina is "assembled" in the brain into a visual image. No one knows what the brain of a pig may make of a comic strip.

All-Seeing Tower

The New York Port Authority this week dedicated the world's biggest, most modern airport control tower. The new \$1,000,000 structure, rising 150 ft. above New York's International Airport at Idlewild, on the Atlantic Ocean side of Long Island, is packed with electronic equipment: six radarscopes, 13 radio receivers, two transmitters and connections to ten more transmitters spotted around the airport. It is also equipped with the newest wrinkle in radar control: the A.S.D.E. (Airport Surface Detection Equipment), which looks not up but down, and displays on its broad scope a living, moving map of every detail on the huge field (4,000 acres).

On A.S.D.E., the runways show up as black bands outlined by radar reflections from the knee-high grass that grows on their margins. Airplanes moving along them are not mere shapeless blobs; they are sharply defined bright bars, and experienced radarmen can even tell one type of plane from another. A car or truck shows up as a smaller rectangle, and a man who steps out of one shows as a bright dot. Any obstacle on a runway, such as a misguided truck or a disabled airplane, is spotted at a glance.

With A.S.D.E., the International tower will be able to follow planes right up to the unloading point, avoid the danger of collision on the ground. The only complaint so far is that the new radar is a little too sharp-sighted. Recently a truck was sent out to investigate what looked like a dangerous obstacle. It proved to be a fringe of grass that had poked up a few inches through a crack in a runway.

Atomic Furnace

Talk of atomic power for peaceful purposes is usually treated only as a hope for the distant, peaceful future. At last week's Chicago meeting of the American Chemical Society, Atomic Energy Commissioner Eugene M. Zuckert had better news. Said Zuckert: "Scientists had thought of atomic power as being economically practical ten or 15 years hence. We suddenly find



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Remember how a circling flight of canvasbacks starts to pitch in, then flares away as you stand up to take them? That's a thrill you can re-live this year and every year. Plan now to go duck hunting again this season, and when you go, take a Winchester Model 12 shotgun with you. A universal favorite, the Model 12 will really reach out and bring down those flaring ducks with clean precision. To be sure of your game, shoot a Winchester Model 12, the fastest, smoothest handling, pump action shotgun a man can fire. Everybody shoots better...

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that power from atomic energy seems closer at hand . . . Even in the six months I have been with the commission there is a noticeable quickening of interest in atomic energy."

Most estimates of the cost of atomic power, said Zuckert, have been based on the amount of plutonium that is produced, along with energy, when Uranium-235 is "burned" in a reactor. The operation can be made profitable for a power company if the Government will buy the plutonium at a high enough price and stockpile it for atomic weapons. Now, said Zuckert, "we may hit upon the development of power at competitive cost from non-plutonium-producing reactors . . . The strides that engineers and scientists are making are so great that "power only" reactors may be nearer than we dare hope for."

Core & Blanket. Zuckert did not explain what he meant by a "power only" reactor, but in the current issue of *Nucleonics*, Dr. W. H. Zinn, director of the AEC's Argonne National Laboratory, described the experimental "breeder" reactor built and operated by the University of Chicago at Arco, Idaho. It produces "power only" by burning its own byproduct, plutonium.

The active core of the Arco breeder is about the size of a football. It is made of "enriched uranium," i.e., uranium rich in fissionable U-235. Around the core is a "fertile blanket" of U-238, the spent metal that remains when U-235 is extracted from natural uranium to make atom bombs. Through both blanket and core circulates a sodium-potassium alloy that is liquid at ordinary temperatures. This coolant carries away the heat of the nuclear reaction. The fluid metal leaves the reactor at 660° F., and produces enough steam to generate 250 kw. of power.

More important is what happens in the blanket of U-238. The fissioning U-235 in the core sends out a dense flux of high-speed neutrons. They are absorbed by the blanket, turning some of its U-238 into plutonium. Since this is also fissionable, it can be extracted chemically and used as fuel in the heat-giving core.

Burning Plutonium. The purpose of the Arco breeder is to "breed" more plutonium than is needed to replace the U-235 that it consumes. Dr. Zinn did not say so directly, but his and Commissioner Zuckert's optimism suggests that it can be done. If so, the "power only" reactors of the future can burn all of their uranium, not merely the .7% that is naturally fissionable. There will be no need for the Government to buy their plutonium; it will be burned too. If uranium gets scarce, the "fertile blanket" can be made of thorium, which neutrons turn into fissionable U-233.

Dr. Zinn did not give the cost of natural uranium, but he estimated that if it cost \$25 a lb. (probably a generous figure), the fuel cost of the power produced from it would be only .0013¢ a kilowatt-hour. The fuel cost of electricity from coal is about .35¢ a kilowatt-hour—nearly 300 times as much.



Beyond the call of duty

Other kids teased him sometimes, because he wore a badge. A badge and a white belt. But he didn't mind—as long as they stayed in line and crossed the busy highway quickly when he told them it was safe.

There'll be no teasing now. Just the vacant desk in Miss Anderson's 7A. And the stilled frame house a few blocks from here where nothing will ever be the same again. Why? Because a little girl in a green dress didn't wait for his signal, and the tragic seconds that followed gave him just time enough to push her to safety.

His job didn't call for such action. But you can't blame the folks around here for thinking of him as a hero. If they want him to have a fitting memorial, there's one thing they can do. They can build, finally, that bypass they've been talking about, and send fast-moving highway traffic around the rim of town where it belongs.

How about your own town or suburban area? Where swollen highway traffic

makes your streets dangerous, why in peril lives any longer?

Our roads and streets *can* be made safer. It takes the interest and the tax dollars of all of us, working behind our highway officials and their forward-looking improvement programs. But more than anything, it takes someone to press the issue. Don't let it be a boy with a badge and a white belt.

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EDUCATION

Communists in the Schools

In the past ten years, New Yorkers have been hearing a lot from Mrs. Bella Dodd. A former political science teacher at Manhattan's Hunter College, she was a founder of the Red-lined New York Teachers Union, in 1943 openly joined the Communist Party, and worked her way up to its national executive committee. There, she served her cause at the top of her lungs. She picketed, argued, denounced—until in 1949, the party suddenly expelled her for "fascist and anti-working-class activities."

Last week a remorseful Bella Dodd ("God help me for what I did!") appeared as a witness before a Senate subcommittee investigating Communism in U.S. schools.



United Press

EX-COMMUNIST DODD
She told of little Red cells.

Under questioning from Michigan's Senator Homer Ferguson, she told how successfully the Reds had managed to infiltrate the nation's schools. Items:

❶ In 1944, there were about 1,500 card-carrying Communists among the nation's teachers, and up to 1,000 of them were at work in New York City.

❷ In New York City, there were party cells in Columbia University, New York University and in four municipal colleges (City, Brooklyn, Hunter and Queens).

❸ Other party cells of three or more Communists operated at such uptight schools as Vassar, Wellesley, Smith, Harvard, M.I.T., the Universities of Michigan, California and Minnesota.

The Teachers Union promptly denounced ex-Communist Dodd's testimony as a rebash of "all the stale old slanders and lies that she herself exposed and refuted in the days when she had a respect for facts." But the subcommittee issued subpoenas for ten suspected teachers. Only

seven could be found at the moment, and each of them appeared carrying a bag full of evasions. One social-studies teacher belligerently challenged Senator Ferguson to make a tour of the schools and see for himself how teachers have been "frightened" by the many investigations into Communism among New York teachers. When the subcommittee counsel asked him, "In your opinion, did the North Koreans attack the South Koreans?" the teacher snapped: "I wasn't there."

The rest of the witnesses were just as recalcitrant. Louis Relin, teacher of English at Abraham Lincoln High School, called the subcommittee "improper," flatly refused to say whether or not he was or ever had been a Communist. Another teacher, Lou Spindell of Straubenmuller Textile High School, summoned Jefferson to his defense. Refusing to say whether he had been a Communist, he declared: "What was good enough for T.J., is good enough for me." "I assume," said Ferguson, "that by T.J. you mean Thomas Jefferson . . . It is not a legal reason [for not answering]." Spindell tried another tack: like the other witnesses, he refused to answer on the grounds that it might incriminate him. "Thank God," he concluded, "for the Fifth Amendment."

After three days of hearings, Committee man Ferguson went back to Washington. He will return some time next month, he said; meanwhile, New York City would carry on alone. Last week the city claimed some powerful new support for the job: a state court of appeals decision upholding a city charter provision that any municipal employee who refuses, on the grounds of self-incrimination, to answer questions before an authorized body may be fired. Henceforth, all the board of education has to do to get rid of a suspected Red is to prove that he has used the Fifth Amendment to avoid an answer. First cases for the board to decide: those of the reluctant seven who refused to testify before Senator Ferguson.

Little Hans

In Munich one morning last week, a little boy named Hans Koegel appeared at the doorway of the Schule in der Blumenstrasse and nervously entered. Like other children arriving for the first day of school, he clung tightly to his mother, and it was not for several awkward moments that he finally relaxed enough to smile tentatively at his classmates. But even after he did so, his mother and teacher continued to watch him closely.

For several months, parents and teachers all over West Germany have been worried about children like Hans. He is a mulatto, one of some 3,000 who are starting to school for the first time. Almost all are the children of Negro G.I.s, and most are illegitimate. In a nation that still remembers the preachments of Hitler's Master Race, they were expected to present something of a problem.

Last week, school principals waited

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worriedly for reports of discrimination or childish cruelty. But as the first days passed, there was only silence. Not one child was singled out for teasing because of his color; not one teacher refused to work in mixed classes; not one Nordic mother took her own child out of school in protest.

As for little Hans, he had become something of a tease himself. His victim: a young towhead by the name of Türauf, which Hans thinks is howlingly funny. Türauf means "Open the door."

Mr. Flint at Work

Charles Stewart Mott, three-time (1912, 1913, 1918) mayor of Flint, Mich., is a bushy-browed, vigorous oldster of 77 who takes a mighty liking to bridge, dancing and thoroughbreds, and in managing his personal fortune, which is one of the biggest (an estimated \$100 million) in the state. Over the past 17 years, he has also come to mean a lot more to the citizens of Flint (pop. 163,000). Through his Mott Foundation he has brought supervised recreation to thousands of schoolchildren. He has set their parents to studying hundreds of different courses in adult night classes. And he has changed the Flint school system into one of the nation's liveliest.

Last week "Mr. Flint" was planning another million-dollar addition to the city's educational plant. Architects working with the Mott Foundation had just finished the blueprints for a new building for Flint Junior College, and Mott was working on plans to make the college itself a four-year campus. But first, he wanted to make sure that it would be a real community center—a place that every Flint citizen, young or old, would be proud of. "Then," said Mr. Flint, "I'll give 'em a million dollars. And then, we can talk about giving them some more."

Brothers & Stepping Stones. Encouraging the schools to serve the community has been the aim of the Mott Foundation since it first began its program in 1935. A onetime manufacturer of automobile axles who made a fortune in General Motors stock, Philanthropist Mott noted that Flint schoolchildren had little healthy recreation and almost no adult supervision once they got out of school each day. He decided to start a series of boys' clubs to provide after-school meeting places, and, the Mott Foundation was born.

The foundation's first step was a modest one—\$6,000 to start boys' clubs in five of the schools. Soon it began to expand. It started buying up vacant lots for playgrounds, set up a Health Center where any child under 14 could get a free examination. On the advice of the late Father Flanagan of Boys Town, it started a "Big Brother" program to provide volunteer "fathers" and "brothers" to 500 boys a year. It also set up 26 "Stepping Stone Clubs," where girls can gather and learn about everything from making a bed to making a lasting marriage.

The foundation has never been interested in building fancy clubs or parks of its own. Its main idea is to work through

The "Energy Break"

is a break for everyone

Its owner calls it "The Sugar Bowl."

To the campus customers it's "the hangout." To a nutritionist, it's a "carbohydrate filling station." No matter what its name, here is a typical part of the American scene. More, this "energy break" is a good break for all of us—supplying sugar's carbohydrate as a needed balance to the other elements of our diet.

In fact, sugar is such a universal part of our food intake that we are apt to forget how much the normal person is dependent on it for health. Or how much we would lose if sugar's natural carbohydrate were not available in so many delicious and handy forms... in soft drinks, candy, baked goods, ice cream, canned and bottled fruits and juices, and in convenient packages for household uses.

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In these and many other ways, Monsanto chemicals contribute to your "energy break" through their service to the sugar industry... one of the essential industries that serve mankind.

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the school system, to make full use of the facilities the city already has. It keeps the schools open at night with a vast adult education program—632 classes in 312 different subjects. It finances a summer camp for children who would otherwise never get out of the city, and its Youth Bureau has found jobs for as many as 1,000 youngsters in a year. It has poured money into softball, tennis and basketball programs—all supervised by school and community instructors. Once, when two small boys invaded Mott's office to complain that the Park Department could not afford to keep the city swimming pools open in August, Mott immediately decided to foot the bill. "We are," says he, "a last-resort organization."

Fresh Flowers & Fresh Ideas. Today, with more than \$20 million in stocks and real estate (the foundation owns at least one bank and four department stores), the foundation can afford to do quite a bit of last-resorting. But that is only the start of its work. By its alliance with the Board of Education, the foundation has turned the schools into neighborhood centers, given hundreds of teachers a chance to earn extra money, and made Flint more community-conscious than ever before.

At 77, Charles Mott, a director of General Motors since 1913, chairman of the board of U.S. Sugar Corp. and member of innumerable organizations (e.g., American Legion, United Spanish War Veterans, Royal Bermuda Yacht Club, Elks, Moose, Masons), still works hard at his goal. He pops into his paneled office every working day, keeps it filled with fresh flowers and humming with fresh ideas. Recently he helped build four new schools, especially designed with auditoriums and gymnasiums which the whole town can use. "We must build back to community activities," says Mott, "to get people to know their neighbors and bring about a wholesome, small-town atmosphere in a big city."

For the last 50 years Frank Bailey, 87, longtime president of Brooklyn's Title Guarantee & Trust Co., has been trying to repay little Union College (enrollment 993) of Schenectady, N.Y. for the \$1,600 scholarship it gave him in 1881. Over the years, his repayment has amounted to \$1,000,000; he has given a building, endowed chairs of physics, mathematics, and Greek ("Greek did me the most good . . . my teacher taught me to think"). Last week Frank Bailey added another \$500,000—to strengthen the college's departments of electrical engineering and economics.

Thirteen years ago Alfred Jenkins Shriver, Baltimore lawyer, willed \$1,395,680.17 to Johns Hopkins University for a new lecture hall.* Last week, after years of demurring over the stipulations in

* Also bequeathed to Johns Hopkins: Lawyer Shriver's wine cellar (404 gallons, including 335 bottles of Scotch, 163 of champagne, 15 of pure alcohol, and one of Howard County applejack). Because of the difficulty of figuring out what the tax should be, the whole lot was destroyed by the Federal Alcohol Tax Unit.



PHILANTHROPIST MOTT
Quite a bit of last-resorting.

Bachelor Shriver's will, the university finally started building. Among the provisions it will have to comply with: paint murals with the portraits of Shriver's ten favorite Baltimore beauties "at the height of their beauty," the portraits of all university trustees up to 1887, of the first faculty of the medical school, of six generations of the Shriver family, of clipper ships, and of Shriver's own Johns Hopkins class of 1891.

Report Card

¶ After looking over 111 Eastern campuses, the University of Vermont reported that a year in college (tuition, room and board) costs the average student \$1,310.

¶ California Institute of Technology announced that graduates of the class of '52 are now earning \$5 to \$60 a month more than the starting salaries offered to the class of '51. New median salaries: for B.S.s, \$340; for M.S.s, \$405; for engineers, \$475; for Ph.D.s, \$495.

¶ In the current *Saturday Review*, Claude Fuess, longtime headmaster of Andover, gives his own thumb-nail history of education during the last 50 years. Main trends: "Liberation of the Curriculum; the Mania for Military Preparation; the Formations of Small Sections and of Fast and Slow Divisions; the Rediscovery of Interest as a Motive; the Apotheosis of the I.Q.; the Glorification of the Aptitude Test; the Popular Demand for Individual Attention; the Rise and Decline of Progressive Education; the Cumulative Menace of the Movies, Radio and Television; the Falling off in Voluntary Reading; the Multiplication of Records; and finally, the Training for Citizenship."

¶ The University of Wisconsin's School of Education polled 78 high schools in the state, found that Wisconsin school kids spend \$17 million a year (\$124.02 apiece) on "incidental expenses." Biggest spenders: the girls, by 66%.

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RADIO & TELEVISION

Life of Crime

Most TV detectives spend more time locked in combat with blondes than with criminals. *Dragnet* (alt. Thurs. 9 p.m., NBC), long a radio favorite, has become the best of the TV crime shows by tossing overboard all such TV clichés—from incendiary blondes and comic stooges to roaring gunfights and simple-Simon detection. Last week the TV *Dragnet* came back to the air after a summer vacation in the first of a new series of 47 filmed episodes. The suspenseful story of a man about to jump from an eighth-floor ledge, it was well acted, filmed and directed and undoubtedly *Dragnet's* best show to date.

Star of the show, as well as its director,

The show has paid off to the extent of a five-year contract with sponsor Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co. This summer, 34 U.S. newspapers began running a new comic strip, using *Dragnet's* characters and atmosphere (but not its plots). By the first of the year, Webb hopes to have a new show called *Pete Kelly's Blues* ready for TV. After his long life of crime, Jack Webb will star as a trumpet-blowing musician of the 1920s.

Music in the Night

General Manager Ted Cott, of Manhattan's station WNBC, is a man who abhors a vacuum. In February the Civil Defense authorities asked him to keep WNBC on the air from midnight until



JACK WEBB (LEFT) IN "DRAGNET"
The blondes went overboard.

is Jack Webb, 32, who plays Police Sergeant Joe Friday with a minimum of fake heroics. His cases range from simple theft to multiple murder, but the program is more concerned with the painstaking solving of crimes than with showing their gory execution. Once the entire half-hour was devoted to a verbal third degree, as Webb and his fellow detective, Ed Jacobs, broke down a coolly stubborn jewel thief.

Webb got his idea for *Dragnet* while he was playing a typical private eye on radio. A Los Angeles police sergeant named Marty Wynn said disgustedly: "Why don't you do a show about real cops?" and arranged for Webb to use the Los Angeles police files. Webb began building a show based on authentic police methods and backgrounds. After three years on radio (this week, the radio *Dragnet* was rated No. 1 by Nielsen researchers), Webb decided to apply his successful formula ("realism plus entertainment") to TV.

6 a.m. so that the station would be ready to function instantly in case of an emergency. All the Civil Defense required was a constant tone signal. Instead, Cott decided to fill the six hours with classical music and see what would happen.

In three days, *Music Through the Night* drew 1,000 enthusiastic letters. In three months the mail had reached 20,000, and scores of listeners still call in every night to ask the name of the program's haunting theme song (*Greensleeves*, a 16th century English air). Listeners have sent in valentines, poems, flowers and art work to show their appreciation. Congressman Albert Morano of Connecticut saluted "the marked contrast to the claptrap coming from other stations." Composer Richard Rodgers wrote a grateful letter on behalf of his ill wife; Cartoonist Milton (*Steve Canyon*) Caniff said: "Like many another night worker, I am your ardent supporter." A group of 47

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Vale medical students sent a joint letter; so did 70 customers at Chumley's Bar & Grill in Greenwich Village. Says Cott: "We seem to have an absolute saturation coverage of the colleges. Guys who burn the midnight oil have this show on all the time."

Cott sold the show to its first sponsor by dumping a sack of unopened mail on a desk and offering odds that there wouldn't be a single complimentary letter in the lot. Since then, *Music* has averaged five sponsors a night (ranging from Victor records to Dornin, a sleeping pill). Despite Cott's boast, there have been critical letters aplenty. Almost all of them say, in effect, that the trouble with the show is that music lovers can't bring themselves to turn the radio off and go to bed.

With a Soft G

Citizens of El Pueblo de Nuestra Señora la Reina de los Angeles de Porciuncula have long since agreed on shortening their city's name to Los Angeles, but they could never agree on how to pronounce it. Last week a seven-man jury headed by Calvin Smith, president of the Southern California Broadcasters' Association, sat down with Mayor Fletcher Bowron to have a try at settling the matter. After due consideration, the jury and mayor plumped for the soft "g." From now on, if their decision is respected, it will be "Loss An-ju-less," not "Loss An-gu-less."

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Sept. 19. Times are E.D.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Let's Pretend (Sat. 11:05 a.m., CBS). Twenty-third annual presentation of *Cinderella*.

The Asia Story (Sun. noon, CBS). Speaker: Australia's Ambassador Sir Percy Spender.

The Greatest Story Ever Told (Sun. 5:30 p.m., ABC). First of an eight-part series based on the Sermon on the Mount.

Alistair Cooke (Sun. 9:45 p.m., ABC). Literate and witty comment by an Anglo-American newsmen.

Suspense (Mon. 8:30 p.m., CBS). Charles Laughton in *Jack Ketch*.

TELEVISION

Curtain Call (Fri. 8 p.m., NBC). Maureen Stapleton in *Currie Marr*.

Footlights Theater (Fri. 9:30 p.m., NBC). Gale Storm in *The Hot Welcome*.

All-Star Revue (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). Starring Jimmy Durante. Guest: Margaret Truman.

Toast of the Town (Sun. 8 p.m., CBS). Ed Sullivan's variety show, with Edith Piaf, Helen Hayes, Pat O'Brien.

I Love Lucy (Mon. 9 p.m., CBS). Lucille Ball & Desi Arnaz, back on the air with their first-rate comedy show.

Studio One (Mon. 10 p.m., CBS). Nina Foch in *The Kill*.

Four Star Playhouse (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., CBS). *My Wife, Geraldine*, with Charles Boyer, Una Merkel.

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United Nations

U.N. ARCHITECTS®
First a workshop, then a monument.

Cheops' Architect

(See Cover)

The world has forgotten the name of Cheops' architect, but his pyramid still stands. Few outside his own profession have ever heard of Wallace K. Harrison, one of the pyramid builders of today. But in the past 30 years, Architect Harrison has directed the construction of \$700 million worth of modern wonders. Last week Wallace Harrison was putting the finishing touches to his latest group of landmarks: the new U.N. buildings, on which, as boss architect, Harrison has spent five years and \$67.5 million.

In place of the Eastside tenements and slaughterhouses stands the shimmering glass and marble slab of the Secretariat, towering 39 stories above the East River. Along its base crouches a long (400 ft.), flat (five stories) Conference Building for the U.N.'s numberless councils and committees. Besides the thousands of offices, Harrison's designers and engineers have provided restaurants, meeting rooms, lounges and underground parking space for 1,500 cars.

Architecturally, all that remains to be done is to complete the interior of the General Assembly Building, keystone of the entire group. Like the Conference Building, it is long and low. But where the Conference Building is rectangular, the Assembly is sweepingly curved and capped with a wide dome. One end is clear plate glass, the other a cliff of marble and translucent glass strips. A long ramp leads up to the 2,170-seat Assembly hall. Along the walls are banks of translators' booths set in strips of gilded South American mahogany. Two vivid, swirling murals by France's Fernand Léger flank the hall, and over the podium will shine rows of plaques bearing the seals of the 60 United Nations.

ART

A Sandwich on End? The U.N. buildings have roused the liveliest architectural debate in years. Some architectural critics have called the Secretariat everything from a "magnified radio console" to "a sandwich on end." Old Revolutionary Frank Lloyd Wright snorted that the design is mere "skyscraperism—a sinister emblem for world power." Said Critic Lewis (*The Culture of Cities*) Mumford: "A Christmas package wrapped in cello-

© Backround: Sven Markelius (Sweden), Le Corbusier (France), Vladimir Bodiansky (France), Wallace Harrison (U.S.), G. A. Soilleux (Australia), Max Abramovitz (U.S.), Ernest Weissman (Yugoslavia), John Antonides (Greece), Matthew Nowicki (Poland); Foreground: Su-cheng Liang (China), Oscar Niemeyer (Brazil), N. D. Bassov (Russia), Ernest Cormier (Canada).

phane . . . a triumph of irrelevant romanticism."

Architect Harrison is used to having these stones shied at his glass houses. And he is a pragmatist. "If in five years," says he, "somebody finds a way to build that is so much more wonderful that he wants to tear the U.N. down and rebuild it, why, let him."

Five years is a long time in the frenetic world of New York real estate, but Harrison's offer is not likely to be taken up, at any rate within that time limit, for two good reasons: 1) U.N. cost too much to tear down, and 2) even the skeptics are getting used to its sharp, clean slab along the edge of the Manhattan skyline.

Harrison's basic idea for the U.N. was a simple one. "When we started U.N.," he says, "we were not trying to make a monument. We were building a workshop—a workshop for world peace. And we tried to make it the best damn workshop we could.

In the eyes of Trygve Lie, U.N. Secretary General, Harrison had special qualifications for top U.N. architect: he had helped build Rockefeller Center. Moreover, Harrison had been a member of the committee to bring the U.N. to Manhattan, and had assisted Rockefeller in his purchase and gift of the building site. Lie's first step was to name Harrison director of planning; then a consulting board of design was brought together from member nations. France sent brilliant, temperamental Le Corbusier (real name: Charles Edouard Jeanneret), famous for developing the city-in-a-park idea in the '20s. The others: Australia's G. A. Soilleux, Belgium's Gaston Brunfaut, Brazil's Oscar Niemeyer, Britain's Howard Robertson, Canada's Ernest Cormier, China's Su-cheng Liang, Russia's N. D. Bassov, Sweden's Sven Markelius, and Uruguay's Julio Vilamajó.

Given the restrictions of

THE SLAB'S THE THING

Slab-shaped buildings—long and narrow but tall enough to be vast—are exciting today's architects as pencil-point skyscrapers did their predecessors. No man has done more than Wallace Harrison to make the idea a reality: he cloaked it with stone in creating Rockefeller Center and with glass in the U.N. Secretariat.

Huge projects like these require the collaboration of many minds. Harrison's partner, Max Abramovitz, and an office force of some 250 were not enough to get U.N.-Manhattan off the ground. To start with, Harrison spent four months picking the brains of an advisory panel of ten brilliant architects from ten nations. The following two pages show home-grown effects achieved by six of these consultants. They all found Harrison wide-open to ideas. Says Belgium's Gaston Brunfaut cheerfully: "He is not an idealist . . . a kind of aristocrat in a nation of brutes and savages."

The one clear genius in the advisory group is France's cranky Le Corbusier, long a major architectural prophet. In 1936, he helped Brazil's fiery Oscar Niemeyer design a government building (see cut) which obviously served as an important U.N. source. Niemeyer calls his French collaborator "the Leonardo da Vinci of modern times." Now, in his brand-new Marseille apartment house, which has a richness of color and surface that the U.N. notably lacks, Corbusier points the way to even more impressive slabs.



Barrett Gallanter

HIGH-LOW U.N. Group—glassy, slablike Secretariat; river-front Conference Building, domed stone General Assembly—is group effort.



RIO FORERUNNER. Oscar Niemeyer's Education & Health Ministry.



Michael Lawson

MARSEILLES ELAPORT. Le Corbusier's sunny apartment house.



WALLACE HARRISON's new Mellon-Steel and Alcoa buildings in Pittsburgh. Barrett Gollagher



GASTON BRUNAUT's sleek telephone exchange in Brussels. Peder Andersen



HOWARD ROBERTSON's detailed, traditional London facade. Barrett Gollagher



SVEN MARKELIUS' light & airy Helsingborg (Sweden) concert hall. Lund Hansen



ERNEST CORMIER's blunt & bulky Montreal University buildings. Dwight Green

the relatively small Manhattan site, there was never any real debate about whether to build a skyscraper or not. The only question was what kind of skyscraper. Few of the non-U.S. architects had had much chance to work on buildings of really soaring height. They welcomed U.S. engineering experience on such problems as wind bracing, elevators, plumbing and fire prevention. Ideas and sketches (all unsigned, since it was to be a group project) piled in and got knocked down right & left. Harrison wanted a bow front for the Assembly; Corbusier saw the Secretariat set on delicate stilts. Both ideas were discarded. Someone wanted all the elevators put at one end of the building instead of in the center. Russia's Bassov stayed up late one night figuring how many extra steps that would mean for the U.N.'s 3,200 office workers, and the elevators stayed in the center. In four months Harrison had a basic design to show the U.N. "In Europe," said Belgium's Brunfaut, "we could not imagine such rapidity."

Windowless Walls. Though most of the kudos for the overall slab design must go to Corbusier, the panel credits Harrison with translating the basic ideas into blueprints. The final decisions were also his, as chief planner. Most of the time he would sit back, listen to the arguments, then advance his own practical solutions. When the group was satisfied that it had sketched out a workable U.N. workshop, it was time to think about "making a monument." Part of the solution was to sheath the two ends of the Secretariat in unbroken, windowless walls of marble. But even here, Harrison & Co. were thinking of the things that make a workshop workable. "The solid end walls," says Harrison, "also meant no struggles among U.N. staffers for corner offices."

With the basic designs agreed on, the designers went home. It then took Harrison and four of Manhattan's top construction outfits (Fuller, Turner, Walsh, Slatery) 4½ years to finish the job. At the peak, in 1949-50, an army of 2,500 workmen and experts swarmed over the U.N. Harrison's planning office alone kept more than 250 people busy day & night.

Foot by Foot. Big & little engineering decisions had to be made constantly. Since the buildings were to be air-conditioned throughout, a vast amount of water had to be piped in for the cooling equipment. Instead of using city water, Harrison's engineers cleaned out two huge sewers left over from slaughterhouse days, and installed pumps capable of sucking in 14,000 gallons of water a minute from the East River. Since everybody at the U.N. seemed to favor a different temperature, Harrison had to put in individual controls at every second window. Staffers are not entirely satisfied with the temperature ranges, even now.

Money was the most critical shortage. With zooming costs and an iron-clad budget, Harrison's designers had to redraw the plans for the Assembly Building nine times to make successive economies in size and building materials. The resulting design was too squat, Harrison thought.

He introduced a steel dome to give an impression of greater interior height. And there were other troubles—problems of riveters who were almost unable to hammer in the oversized rivets needed to brace the Secretariat against the wind, of a tiny decoration budget that had to be eked out with paint, plaster and imagination. Harrison was asked last week how he ever managed to get the U.N. built. "The same



MANHATTAN'S R.C.A. BUILDING

John Doe likes it.

way you build a railroad," said Harrison. "Foot by foot."

Worcester & Beyond. Wallace Kirkman Harrison is strictly a working architect. He has written no books on what he has done or what architecture might or should do. When he is not tramping around an excavation or arguing with contractors, he can usually be found hard at work in his office—a big (6 ft. 2 in., 210 lbs.), rumpled figure in shirtsleeves. He talks every-day American with a New England twang, and runs his firm like a football team. He quit school early and came up the hard way. He has very little time for play. In his hurry, single-mindedness and success, he is a character out of J. P. Marquand.

Moreover, if architects are a combina-

tion of Mary and Martha, Harrison is mostly Martha. He has no place among such frontiersmen of architecture as Frank Lloyd Wright, Louis Sullivan² and Walter Gropius. He is not even sure that he is a modern. A Harrison-styled building is applied modern—the kind that the purists boggle at but John Doe likes.

Wallace Harrison was born on Sept. 28, 1895 in a small frame house in the center of Worcester, Mass., where his father was superintendent of a local ironworks. Young Wally Harrison saw the automobiles fill up Main Street, saw the old Victorian houses taken over by morticians and auto showrooms.

When he was just 14, Harrison's mother died, and his father grieved himself to pieces. Harrison quit school and pestered a local contractor for a job. "Son," the contractor told him, "you're a damn fool to go into building. Go into farming, that's where the money is." Nevertheless, he took Harrison on as an office boy, and later even let him diagram some stone designs. Harrison soon noticed something about the contracting business: the contractor took his orders from the architect. That decided him: he would be an architect.

Hospitals for Nothing. Harrison took a course in construction engineering at Worcester Tech. But there must be better places than Worcester, he decided, to find out about architecture. When he was 20, he went to New York and applied for a job with the most famous firm of architects in the U.S., McKim, Mead & White. They had put up half the *nouveau riche* palaces in Newport, R.I., and had just built the Morgan Library in Manhattan, while some Bellevue Hospital buildings, the Racquet and Tennis Club and several Columbia University buildings were among the projects on their drawing boards. Harrison wanted the job so much that he said he would work for nothing. He was taken at his word and set to drawing plans for a book on hospitals one of the partners was writing. But within a fortnight he was a junior draftsman at \$20 a week.

In his spare time, Harrison tried to fill out his education. At the parish house of Calvary Episcopal Church, where he roomed for awhile, the curates kept a dictionary beside them at mealtime. Whenever a word was in question, they would look it up. "I got an education by absorption there," he says. On his days off, he walked around New York studying such wonders as Fifth Avenue, Wall Street and the Woolworth Building. While still working for McKim, Mead & White, he got himself enrolled in the atelier of a top architect, Harvey Wiley Corbett, where in the evenings he drew, drew and redraw, while Corbett passed from desk to desk, criticizing and encouraging.

In World War I, Harrison enlisted in the Navy, and wound up as an ensign, navigating a sub chaser in the Adriatic. He saw little action, but he did get to

² Whose steel-ribbed Wainwright Building in St. Louis was one of the earliest (1891) ancestors of the modern skyscraper.



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Paris, and soon after his discharge he went back to see some more of it. By 1920 he was living in a Left Bank lodging house, eating bean soup in a restaurant "so cheap not even Frenchmen would go there," and hearing excited talk about Corbusier and the new German moderns.

The boy from Worcester still had to catch up on freehand drawing, math and physics—things his contemporaries had learned in college but that he had to learn in Paris cram schools. He stayed up nights arguing with young moderns. He did not take easily or kindly to modern notions in architecture. "I remember arguing my head off against those fellows. I said you couldn't possibly put a glass window at the bottom of a building. It just wouldn't look as if it were going to stand up."

Home again after a year of Paris, Harrison found the tides beginning to turn. The Renaissance revival was losing mo-

found the floor littered with scrawls and sketches.

When John D. Rockefeller Jr. was ready to build Rockefeller Center, Harrison had definitely enlisted in the camp of modern architecture and was ready to fight for it. He was sure he was on the winning side. Gothic and neo-classic skyscrapers were dying out in Manhattan; Hood had just designed the starkly simple *Daily News* Building and the equally simple—if startlingly pea-green—McGraw-Hill Building. Harrison and his partner Corbett were among the architects chosen by the Rockefellers to work on the designs for the most ambitious project of the century.

Post v. Present. The designs for Rockefeller Center were too modern for most people. The conservatives set up a howl. "I don't know what people expected," says Harrison. "They must have thought



HARRISON & ABRAMOVITZ
Some Mary, but mostly Martha.

mentum; the skyscraper boom of the '20s was under way. Harrison left McKim, Mead & White and went to work for Bertram Goodhue, who had just won a competition for the Nebraska state capitol. Harrison worked on some of the dome designs for the capitol, and became one of Goodhue's top designers.

Time for a Change. In 1926, Harrison was the picture of a struggling young architect. He had saved up enough money to support a wife, a tall, 22-year-old blonde named Ellen Hunt Milton, whose brother had married John D. Rockefeller Jr.'s daughter, Abby. They were living in a small, two-room apartment in Manhattan's East 70s when Harrison's old teacher, Harvey Corbett, offered him a partnership. Harrison jumped at the chance, and for the next four years designed a series of auditoriums and office buildings with Corbett. Architecture was almost his entire life. There was always a drawing board in his room and a pad & pencil by his bed. In the morning, his wife usually

it was going to be one great square, a sort of Spanish plaza or a Place de la Concorde." But John D. Rockefeller Jr. never said a word. "I never read the papers when they print disturbing things about me or my people," he told his architects.

The designs had taken 18 months to finish. Architect Ray Hood had wanted the R.C.A. Building to look like a slab, but with staggered setbacks; Harrison battled for a single, uninterrupted cliff of stone. Harrison found himself alone and had to give in. That was not the only fight. The managerial firm of Todd, Robertson & Todd that Rockefeller had put over the architects wanted the whole group of buildings wrapped in Byzantine or Romanesque trim. The argument got hot; so did Harrison. Finally, he exploded out of his chair and sent it spinning. "Damn it!" he shouted. "You people just can't do this!" It was worse than criminal, he cried. To spend \$125 million tricking out something as clean and new as the U.S. skyscraper in any of the period styles of the past.

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Rockefeller was convinced. When the Center went up, it was the simplest skyscraper group the world had ever seen. John Doe, peering up at it from the street, decided he liked it, thought maybe it was even handsome.

In the mid-'30s, Harrison had his own office and two new partners: André Fouilloux and Max Abramovitz. The firm helped add two more buildings to Rockefeller Center, put up the 12-story Rockefeller Apartments in Manhattan and the \$1,200,000 Hotel Avila in Caracas, Venezuela's first luxury hotel and still its best. Harrison's firm was given the job of finding a suitably futuristic theme for New York's World's Fair. He and his designers spent months on the problem. On the 1,036th drawing, they got what they wanted—the Trylon & Perisphere. When the fair officials ran short of money and cut the Perisphere down by 20 feet, Harrison felt it was "a disaster."

In World War II Harrison went to Washington, where he served for four years as deputy to Nelson Rockefeller in the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs. Harrison the Government official proved an able administrator with a knack for homely diplomacy. Then came the U.N. job.

New Directions. The U.N. buildings have consumed most of Harrison's time since the war, but he has also been branching out in other directions. In Dallas, he is putting up a 500-ft. Secretariat-like office for the Republic National Bank, the tallest skyscraper ever built in the Southwest.

He has finished plans for a \$6,000,000 aquarium for Brooklyn's Coney Island, is working on a \$1,000,000 auditorium for Ohio's Oberlin College, a \$3,500,000 office for the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace in Manhattan, and a \$22 million public housing project (1,800 apartments) in Brooklyn. Near Pittsburgh's "golden triangle" stand two brand-new Harrison skyscrapers. One is a 41-story, \$23 million slab sheathed in limestone and glittering stainless steel for U.S. Steel and the Mellon National Bank; the other is a 30-story office building for the Aluminum Co. of America.

Except for the steel skeleton, almost the entire building is aluminum. Stamped aluminum panels cover the girders; there are aluminum partitions, woven-aluminum lighting fixtures, aluminum wires to carry the electricity, bright-colored aluminum strips for the roof terraces. ("Who knows?" muses Harrison. "Maybe someday we'll have cities colored like rain-bows.") The huge, 300-ton aluminum and glass lobby is suspended like a giant weight by cantilever girders from the rest of the building. There is a radical new air-conditioning system that cools like a radiant-heating plant; cold water is pumped through small pipes, thus eliminating cumbersome air ducts. And the windows are a window washer's delight. Each one is surrounded by an air-filled rubber tire. When the air is let out, the window spins on its axis for easy cleaning. After washing, the tires are blown up again from a



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From children to grandfather, they're all wearing rayon ① or other synthetic fiber clothing made possible by NH₃ (ammonia). The plants ② and grass have been invigorated with ammonium nitrate. Commercial methanol helped dye the big blue umbrella ③.

Formaldehyde is a basic chemical needed in making the plastic plates and bowls ④. Methanol also is an important aid in making varnish and stain finishes ⑤. And there are many other chemicals in the picture.

Would we all be living as happily without this wonder age of chemistry? Of course not, and there's more to

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Sketch shows administration building of Spencer's new \$14,000,000 plant under construction at Vicksburg, Miss., which will add 60,000 tons to Spencer's nitrogen capacity.

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America's growing name in chemicals

small compressed-air tank trundled around on a cart.

Harrison thinks aluminum may become one of the future's prime building materials. Metal is cheaper than stone, also lighter and dryer. Dampness is an old bugaboo of the builder: the use of stone means water for cement, and water is heavy, messy, freezes in winter. Rain soaks through even the best-built stone wall and causes a whole flock of new problems. "I have always tried to move forward to something better—even at the risk of being wrong," says Harrison. "That way, you are certainly ahead of the man who is right and doesn't do anything." Maybe Cheops' architect talked the same way.

MILESTONES

Born. To Leonard Bernstein, 34, conductor, pianist and composer of symphony (*Jeremiah*), ballet (*Fancy Free*; *Fascination*) and music comedy (*On the Town*), and Costa Rica-born TV Actress Felicia Montealegre Bernstein, 30: their first child, a daughter; in Manhattan. Name: Jamie Anne Maria. Weight: 7 lbs. 3 oz.

Married. Horace Dwight Taft, 27, youngest son of Ohio's senior Senator, now a physics graduate student at the University of Chicago; and Mary Jane Badger, 22, whom he met while studying in Switzerland; in Washington.

Died. The Very Rev. Claude Willard Sproule, 63, dean of Kansas City's Grace and Holy Trinity Cathedral since 1931 and president of the Episcopal Church's House of Deputies; of a heart attack; in Boston. Elected president of the House a second time by the church convention, Dean Sproule had just finished his acceptance speech ("One great job . . . is to try to push this world a little bit nearer to the Kingdom of our Lord, Jesus Christ") and turned away from the podium, when he collapsed on the platform. Doctors were called from the audience, and the dean's wife and daughter hurried to the stage. Minutes later, as the Rt. Rev. Edward Welles, Bishop of West Missouri, spoke a final prayer, Dean Sproule died.

Died. Admiral Jonas Howard Ingram, 65, Medal of Honor winner (at Veracruz in 1914), wartime commander in chief of the Atlantic Fleet, onetime star athlete at Annapolis and later (1914-17) the Naval Academy's football coach; of a heart attack; in San Diego. In 1906, as the Navy's fullback, he caught a forward pass, scored Navy's first victory over Army in six years. During World War II he was responsible for the nation's sea lanes from the Arctic to the Falkland Islands, once said of his job: "I had little butter and a hell of a lot of bread to spread it on." Retired from the Navy in 1947, he became commissioner of the All-American Football Conference (now part of the National Football League), later was named a vice president of the Reynolds Metals Co.

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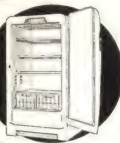
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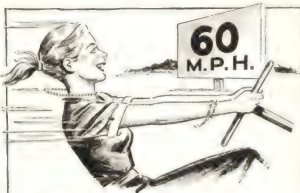
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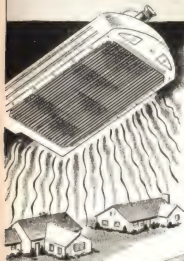


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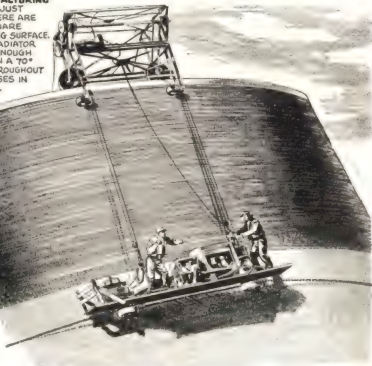
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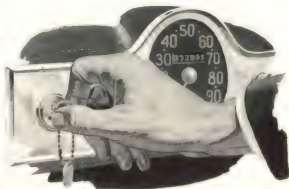
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BUSINESS & FINANCE

STATE OF BUSINESS

Bad Guess

U.S. businessmen, who thought that Washington had already confused them as much as possible, discovered last week that confusion can be compounded. As he was sworn in as the newest member of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, ex-Economics Professor Robert C. Turner, 44, told newsmen that the peak in defense spending—which everyone thought was almost a year away—has virtually been reached. Added Turner: "It will be a difficult and delicate job to maintain present prosperity."

Next day, when the stock market took one of its sharpest flops in recent weeks, many traders blamed Turner's gloomy prophecy. Turner, who had misread revised figures on the 1953 budget, was quickly contradicted, not only by Presidential Assistant John Steelman and Boss Mobilizer Henry H. Fowler, but finally by his red-faced self. Steelman and Fowler stated—and Turner agreed—that the current \$121-billion-per-quarter rate of military expenditures will reach a peak of some \$14 billion in mid-1953, then level out for two years.

Last week, as far as anyone could see, the Turner recession looked far away. Once more the U.S. boom was at full throttle. Appliance makers, who not long ago had been shoving mightily at their slow-moving goods, now had trouble catching up with demand. And only six weeks after the steel strike had cut auto production to the lowest level since World War II, automakers rolled out the biggest week's production this year: 103,054 units v. 100,584 for the same week last year.

As the OPS finally issued its long-awaited order allowing steel users to pass along all increases in their costs from the steel wage-price settlement, there was new upward pressure on many prices. Nevertheless, the big U.S. productive machine was now in such high gear that there were signs of softening in some prices (see below).

Good News

Into the nation's stockpiles last week crowded the biggest shipments of steers since World War II's end. Some had come from such drought-parched areas as Oklahoma, where ranchers could not grass-feed them any longer. But most of the shipments were moving because of a simple fact: after six years of high beef prices and bumper corn crops for feed, U.S. ranges are bulging with 88 million head of beef cattle, the greatest in history.

Did this mean that the law of supply & demand would bring prices down? Live-stock prices had already taken some pretty sharp tumbles. The best steers last week were bringing only about 25¢-33¢ a lb. on the hoof v. 29¢-37¢ a year ago. Retail prices were down, but relatively not as much. Spokesmen for two big chains last

week predicted further drops. Said one: "There will be huge quantities of cattle coming to market within the next month or so, and we fully expect prices to go down substantially." But packers pointed out that higher freight rates and higher packing-house wages would make it impossible to pass on all of the wholesale drops. And ranchers themselves argued that demand is apt to go right on rising with the supply. The U.S., eating 48.7 lbs. of beef per person in 1930, last year ate 63 lbs. in spite of high prices. With incomes high, any cut in beef prices is apt to bring a lot more buying of sirloin from people who have had to make do with hamburger. And that is apt to keep prices from falling very far.

only the President could stop the strike. Truman said he had no immediate plans to intervene. The union massed pickets at Lockheed to keep out non-striking employees, until a court enjoined pickets to stand at least 15 feet apart.

With Lockheed closed, the I.A.M. then tried to strike Douglas' plants at Santa Monica and El Segundo, demanding a blanket 9¢-an-hour increase. Douglas offered 5¢, and 13,000 El Segundo workers walked out. But at the main Santa Monica plant, Douglas' more experienced workers refused to let Local Union President Stan Decker stampede them, met to ballot on a strike. During the day, they had heard the plant loudspeaker repeat a telegram from Defense Secretary Robert



UNFINISHED JET TRAINERS IN STRUCK LOCKHEED PLANT
At Douglas, some remembered Korea.

United Press

ARMAMENT Strikebound & Unbound

Since rearmament boomed the U.S. aircraft industry's work force to 750,000, the A.F.L.'s International Association of Machinists and the C.I.O.'s United Auto Workers have tried to outdo each other in demands on planemakers. Three months ago, in spite of war and the dangerously lagging aircraft program, the U.A.W. voted to strike North American Aviation, called it off only after it got an average 10¢-an-hour pay boost on recommendation of the Wage Stabilization Board. The rest of the industry assumed that the award established a pattern.

Not so the machinists' union, which has the bargaining rights at Lockheed and Douglas. It served notice on Lockheed that it wanted an average boost of 16¢ an hour, refused to submit its demands to WSB. Lockheed said it could not offer more than the WSB pattern. Last week 25,000 (out of 33,000) employees struck at Lockheed's Burbank plant. Work on \$1.2 billion in defense orders stopped.

On the production lines, half-finished Starfire jet fighters, T-33 jet trainers and transports testified to the union's strikes-as-usual attitude. Washington seemed unconcerned. While the union insisted that

Lovett ("Any stoppage of production . . . would have most serious consequences for our national defense"). When Union Boss Decker tried to hurry the vote, one member cried: "This ain't the night shift, Stan, they're the working boys." Cried another: "What about what Lovett said?" And another: "What about the boys in Korea?" In a secret ballot, the workers accepted Douglas' 5¢ offer, repudiated their union leaders.

OIL

Negotiations in Iran

When Iran's ailing Premier Mohammed Mossadegh was in the U.S. last year, he met W. (for William) Alton Jones, president of Cities Service Co., the twelfth-biggest U.S. oil company. Three weeks ago, on Mossadegh's personal invitation, "Pete" Jones hustled to Iran, looked over the Ahadani refinery, nosed around the oilfields. What was Jones up to? Last week Jones would say only: "My job isn't yet finished."

Jones is an old hand at rescue work in the sort of expropriation trouble afflicting Britain's giant Anglo-Iranian Oil Co. When the Mexican government expropriated U.S. oil properties in 1938, Cities Service's holdings, all still unexplored,

Harmon Elliott Talking

The Elliott bicycle factory at Watertown, Massachusetts, was sold to the Stanley brothers in 1898, and the Stanley steam car was manufactured in this Elliott bicycle factory from 1899 to 1920.

I remember how the Stanley brothers scoffed at gasoline automobiles, but I saw gasoline automobiles put all steam automobiles out of business.

The differences between a steam automobile and a gasoline automobile were no greater than the differences between the two kinds of addressing machines now on sale in the U.S.A.

In fact a comparison of Elliott stencil addressing machines with other addressing machines will reveal more differences than steam versus gasoline automobiles.

I invite you to join the thousands of businessmen who have switched from metal address plates to Elliott typewriter stenciled fiber address cards.

By what other expenditure can you reap 33 1/3% per year on your investment?

May I send you a booklet entitled "Stencil Addressing from 1852 to 1952".

H. S. Elliott

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were grabbed along with the rest. But in 1948, Cities Service became the first big U.S. company to make its way back into Mexico.

Last week the *Wall Street Journal* said flatly that Jones' job in Iran was to buy 100,000 bbls. of oil a day for Cities Service. The *Journal* pooh-poohed Anglo-Iranian Oil Co.'s threats that it will sue anyone who tries to market the oil. Said the *W.S.J.*: "Some oilmen think the British case wouldn't stand up in U.S. courts." Most U.S. oilmen found such a proposition hard to believe. Jones is too shrewd an operator to take on Great Britain, the U.S. State Department and Anglo-Iranian all at once. Furthermore, Cities Service does not have the spare tankers or refineries, now working at capacity, to handle an extra 100,000 bbls. a day.

Best guess of oilmen was that Jones was trying to work out a deal to get Iranian oil not only for Cities Service but for a group of U.S. oil companies and Anglo-Iranian. The larger U.S. companies can use more crude and have the tankers to transport it. While Anglo-Iranian has shown no disposition to cut any outsiders in on Iranian oil, U.S. oilmen think it may be the only hope left for a solution that would save face all around.

Real Wildcatting

A group of U.S. oilmen last week made a deal with Spain to wildcat for oil in the Ebro Valley, although no oil in quantity has ever been found in Spain. The group, which includes Delhi Oil and famed Geologist Everette de Golyer (*TIME*, April 3, 1944 *et seq.*), has put up \$1,000,000 as a starter, while the state's Instituto Nacional de Industria, has put up the same amount. If oil is found, the Spanish government will get 3%, while the American group and the Instituto Nacional will split the remainder, one of the most favorable foreign deals U.S. oilmen have made in recent years. Said De Golyer: "This is real wildcatting, as wild as a March hare. We aren't wildcatting on the [geological] structure as we do here most of the time. We're wildcatting on both the structure and the region."

CORPORATIONS

The King of Cockomamies

As president of Chicago's Meyercord Co., Leonard Henry Knopf, 52, is the world's decalcomania* king. Housewives use plastic or paper decals to decorate kitchen and nursery walls. Small fry, who call decals "cockomamies," paste them on their arms to simulate tattoos. Businessmen use them in hundreds of ways: for trademarks on vending machines, store windows and products; for instructions on tractors, life rafts and planes (a B-29 requires 2,700 decals); for tax stamps on cigarette packages. Even casketmakers use

* Literal meaning: a mania for transferring drawings. Decalcomania designs, made of felts, plastics, lacquers or varnishes, are transferred from coated paper to another surface by moisture, heat, pressure or chemical action.



James H. Loughhead—FAXURE
EVERETTE DE GOLYER
He rivalled a hare.

Meyercord decals to make a pine coffin look like a marble one.

Last week Decalcomania Knopf, who calls his product "painting by way of the printing press," offered a new plastic decal that looks like expensive wood. A dozen furniture makers already plan to use the new decals in their winter lines.

In 1894, when George Meyercord and his brother Henry set up shop in the backroom of a Loop barbershop, only about \$100,000 worth of decals a year, mostly German imports, were used in the U.S. Meyercord carved out a domestic market by making decals for bicycle, sled and sewing-machine manufacturers. Len Knopf, whose father was a Meyercord pressman, started working in the



Archie Lieberman
LEONARD KNOPF
He matched a lizard.

plant during the summer as a press wiper when he was 16. After two years of college, he was hired as a salesman, by 1929 had worked up to sales manager. The Depression hit Meyercord hard, knocked sales down from \$2,000,000 to \$700,000; artists were put to work painting factory walls a different color every month just to keep busy. But Sales Manager Knopf's ideas for broadening the industrial uses of decals soon had things humming again; when George Meyercord retired in 1937, Knopf took over the presidency.

One of President Knopf's first acts was to set up a laboratory to test new decals. When lizard shoes became the rage, Meyercord soon produced a decal that imitated the real article. Such innovations have expanded Meyercord's sales from \$1,500,000 when Knopf took over to \$9,300,000 last year, more than a third of the world's decal sales. Net profit rose from \$106,130 to \$356,600. So widely are his decals used by industry that Knopf thinks his sales are a business barometer, because "we know when tractors are selling like hot cakes, and we know when sales slow down." With sales expected to hit \$10 million this year, Knopf's barometer reads fair weather ahead.

BANKING

The New Look

The rows of dingy, neglected buildings in the main shopping district of Elgin, Ill. have long been eye-sores. But lately their shabbiness has done more than just hurt the eyes; a modern business district, going up in the town of Skokie some 25 miles away, has threatened to hurt Elgin's pocketbook as well. Last week Robert C. Kewley, president of the city's Union National Bank and Trust Co., was busily sprucing up Elgin (pop. 44,223). He offered loans up to \$7,500 at 1% interest (vs. the going rate of 3 to 6%) without collateral to anyone who would use the money to remodel his business property. In the first few days some 31 Elgin businessmen applied for loans, and it looked as if downtown Elgin might get a completely new look. Said Banker Kewley, whose profits on the loans will hardly cover his bookkeeping costs: "People prefer to shop in an attractive store, and more business in town means more business for us."

PERSONNEL

Man of Action

The biggest U.S. bank last week got a new president. To succeed the late Lawrence Mario ("L.M.") Giannini, the Bank of America picked Carl Frederick Wente, 63, a director and, until his retirement three years ago, the bank's senior vice president. A protégé of Founder Amadeo Peter ("A.P.") Giannini, Wente is the first outsider to boss the bank's 535 branches, and more than \$7.5 billion resources. Also named last week to the executive committee: A.P.'s daughter, Claire Giannini Hoffman, previously a director.

Wente, as gasty and hustling as Found-

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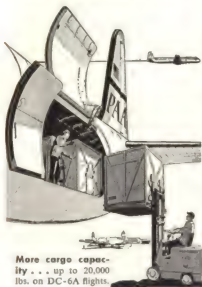


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BANK OF AMERICA'S PRESIDENT WENTÉ & CLAIRE GIANNINI HOFFMAN*
"Give 'em action! No monkeying around."

Associated Press

er Giannini, is the son of an immigrant farmer. He grew up in California's Livermore Valley, left high school after two years to become a messenger in Oakland's Central Bank.* Just 30 years later, he was named Central Bank president after bossing branch banks in Madera, Visalia, Fresno, Modesto and Stockton. As a small-town banker, much of his time was spent on horseback, riding with the ranchers, digging up business. Just as young A.P. used to tramp the furrows behind plowing farmers. A deep-voiced six-footer who talks the farmer's language, Wenté's most frequent injunction to underlings is "Give 'em action! No monkeying around..." That was the kind of language the directors liked; they called him back as president from semi-retirement.

Back in harness last week, Wenté was still giving 'em action. The staff of an eastern industrialist, sent out to negotiate a loan, expected to stay two weeks. "They arrived at the bank at 11 a.m.," said Wenté, "and we had made them the loan by 3 that afternoon. They left that night."

Wenté, who reaches the bank's retirement age of 65 in 18 months, says: "My biggest job will be to pick a successor."

INVESTMENTS

Time for Departure

Boston's fast-moving Financier John Fox scented a bargain two years ago in the stock of Western Union, which had been losing money. He picked up 181,200 shares (15% of the total), most of it at about \$25, which was enough to make him the company's largest stockholder and to place two of his friends on its board. Western Union's profits and the price of its stock climbed, just as Fox thought they would. But this year Western Union tumbled into the red again, lost \$4,000,000 through July.

* Leaving his younger brothers Ernest and Herman to manage the famed family winery.

Last week Fox announced that he would sell his holdings. It was not, said Fox, that he had grown sour on Western Union's prospects; he merely needed more time—and reportedly more money—for his newest buy, the Boston Post (TIME, June 30). But Fox could only unload 100,000 shares at his price, for an estimated profit of \$1,000,000. So many other investors hustled to sell that Western Union stock plunged 2½ points in one day.

WAGES & SALARIES

The Hidden Payroll

For every dollar paid out in wages last year, U.S. manufacturers paid another 16¢ in fringe benefits and non-manufacturing companies paid 22¢, the U.S. Chamber of Commerce said last week. This "hidden payroll" for paid vacations, free meals, terminal pay, pensions and profit-sharing plans, said the chamber's Economic Research Director Dr. Emerson P. Schmidt, costs employers some \$25 billion a year. In a survey of 736 companies, Schmidt found that fringe-benefit expenditures averaged \$644 per employee last year. Although such benefits are not included in the Bureau of Labor Statistics wage figures, Schmidt said they should be, because "... wage rates [alone] no longer measure the cost of hiring labor..."

LIQUOR

Popskull's Progress

A hot tip came into Alcohol Tax headquarters in Washington last week: if they would look in a spot in the Maryland woods thirty miles from the capital, they would find a big still. Three agents hustled to the spot. When they got close, they sniffed the telltale reek of fermenting

* Background: portrait of Founder A. P. Giannini.



East River to get big new job

The scene is Consolidated Edison Company's expanded steam-electric generating plant along New York City's lower East River.

Here, in the near future, will be installed the world's largest single-shell condenser—a house-sized Worthington apparatus that will enable a powerful steam-turbine generator to produce as much as 30% more electricity than would be possible without it. Inside the giant unit are a total of 105 miles of 30-foot aluminum-brass tubes through which cooling East River water will travel at the rate of 138,000 gallons every minute.

While converting steam to water, the

condenser removes in an hour enough heat to supply the entire daily hot-water requirements for all the families in a city the size of Flint, Michigan.

Worthington first began building condensers in 1840, just 70 odd years after James Watt constructed the first one to raise the efficiency of his steam engine. Today, they're just one of the many kinds of apparatus Worthington makes for those great electric utility companies that are constantly working to make possible a more productive America.

Similar Worthington pioneering in the design and production of other kinds of equipment has led to the manufacture of

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mesh. Led by their noses, they found a nice big still and vats that could hold 7,000 gallons of mash, enough to produce 240 gallons of high-proof moonshine a day. As the agents dynamited the still, one said: "I've never seen one this big before, even in the Carolinas."

The manufacture of bootleg whisky, once pretty well confined to eleven Southern "moonshine" states, is no longer an amateur, hillbilly operation. Racketeers in big cities have made it big business. Big stills have been found in Brooklyn, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Newark and New York. Thomas J. Donovan, vice president of Licensed Beverage Industries, Inc., said at an industry gathering last week that racketeers now build stills that cost from \$50,000 to \$75,000, peddle their output through Manhattan parking lots, neighborhood candy stores and tenement speak-easies. "Obviously," concluded Donovan, "they aren't doing it simply on speculation. They know they have a ready market to recoup their investment."

"The Biggest Racket." Bootlegging, says Calvert Distillers' President W. W. Wachtel, has become "the biggest money-making racket in the world." Though nobody knows exactly how big the racket is, the liquor industry has some impressive evidence of its size. Last year federal, state and local agents seized some 20,000 stills v. 20,000 seized in 1958 during Prohibition by federal agents. It is estimated that one still out of five is found. On that basis, there may be more than 100,000 illegal stills in operation.

Legal liquor men blame the moonshine boom on high taxes. When the tax was raised from \$9 to \$10.50 a gallon last November, the Government hoped to collect an additional \$200,000,000; instead, the increase has been piddling. The industry thinks the high taxes have taken some legal buyers out of the market, shunted many more to cheap moonshine.

Tiger Blood. Making moonshine is easy, and the profits are large. Racketeers copy the big distillers' methods. The pale, unaged liquid that results is "white lightning," "white mule," "Splo," or "tiger blood." Many a Southern countryman would rather drink it than store whisky. One lead-bellied Georgia farmer told a Treasury agent: "I bought legal once. Couldn't stand the stuff. Threw it out the hogs 'n they all died."

In gallon jugs, moonshine sells in cities for about \$2 a fifth. The deliveries are made by a new breed of rum-runner, drivers of souped-up cars which can hit 70 m.p.h. All but the amateurs equip them with truck springs in the rear to eliminate the telltale sag caused by heavy loads. The average fee for transportation is around \$1.00 a gallon. Sold undiluted at the still for \$4 a gallon, the juice still leaves the moonshiner with an operating profit of 200% or more.

One of the big problems of moonshining is labor supply; likely men are inclined to shy at the risk of being caught. But profits are still big enough so that Old Popskull is enjoying its most spectacular boom since the days of the Volstead Act.



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THE PRESS

The Big Story

The Chicago *Sun-Times's* Ray Brennan, 44, is a fast-thinking, fast-moving reporter who modestly puts down his long list of beats to "good luck." Once, while working in Chicago for the Associated Press, he made a routine long-distance checking call to Crown Point, Ind., got the county prosecutor on the wire just in time to get a big exclusive: Gangster John Dillinger had crashed out of the Crown Point jail. Last week another and bigger beat landed Reporter Brennan in trouble. In Washington, a grand jury indicted him for impersonating a government employee. (Maximum penalty: three years in prison and a \$1,000 fine.)

During the 1950 election campaign, Brennan discovered that the Kefauver Crime Committee had asked Chicago Police Captain Daniel ("Tubbo") Gilbert to testify. Gilbert, a lavish spender, known in Chicago as "the world's richest cop," was Democratic candidate for Cook County sheriff. Because of his wretched record as a cop, the usually pro-Democratic *Sun-Times* supported his Republican opponent, John E. Babb. Under pressure from the *Sun-Times*, Democrat Estes Kefauver admitted that Tubbo Gilbert had appeared at a closed session, but he would give out none of the testimony.

Brennan knew how to get around that. He hustled off to Washington, came back with the full transcript of Gilbert's secret testimony, but kept mum on how he got it. Next day the *Sun-Times* splashed the testimony all over the paper. Gilbert had told the committee that he had made his money while a cop because he "bet on elections . . . bet on football games . . . bet on prizefights . . . [and in fact] I have been a gambler at heart." The Kefauver Committee complained bitterly about the printing of the testimony, but the *Sun-Times* replied that it had published it in the public interest.

Said the rival Chicago *Daily News*: "The committee suppression of Gilbert's testimony cannot be defended . . . A man whose account with professional gamblers runs into thousands of dollars a year . . . is not going to be a tough enforcer of the law . . ." As a result of Brennan's story, Tubbo Gilbert, reckoned an easy winner, was snowed under. The Cook County Democratic crash also defeated Senator Scott Lucas, the Democratic floor leader, and elected Republican Everett Dirksen (TIME, Nov. 13, 1950).

The Kefauver Committee, flabbergasted at what its investigation had done, went to the FBI with an angry complaint: Reporter Brennan had got the secret testimony from the stenographic service that was typing the record by posing as the new "office manager" of the Kefauver Crime Committee. After Ray Brennan's indictment last week, Milburn P. Akers, executive editor of the *Sun-Times*, which is supporting Eisenhower, brushed off the charges as politics. Asked Akers: "Why



SUN-TIMESMAN BRENNAN
"Why? Could it be . . . ?"





















... the long delay? Could [it] be the consequence of the fact that the *Sun-Times* ceased its support of the present administration in the interval?" Added a taunting headline in the paper's editorial column: TO ADLAI: WE STILL LIKE IKE.

Candidates v. Newsmen

As they have in every election since 1936, the Democrats tried last week to make a campaign issue of the U.S. press. Candidate Adlai Stevenson started things off at a Portland, Ore. luncheon of editors arranged by the pro-Stevenson *Oregon Journal*. Citing the 90% of the U.S. press which he says is opposing him, Stevenson said that in "the two-party" U.S. there is danger of getting a "one-party press." But he was not worried because "my party has done all right in recent elections . . . People are smarter than many politicians think, and sometimes I suspect that even editors underestimate them."

Beyond the editorial columns, Adlai Stevenson had few complaints about the way the press has covered his campaign. Said he: "I have been well impressed with the fair treatment accorded me by most newspapers, including most of those aligned editorially with the opposition." At his weekly conference, President Truman also sounded off on the press. He agreed with Stevenson and added: "I don't think it makes much difference what [newspaper editorials say because of] the small amount of political influence the great free press of the United States has."

Making Hay. Many an editorial writer promptly tried to set Stevenson and Truman right on what a "one-party press" really is. Said the Scripps-Howard papers: "In the real sense, a 'one-party'

<div>○</div> <div>SEPTEMBER</div> <div>○</div>						
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The haul for one such cruise by the ninety vessels in the company's tuna fleet—largest in the world—can go as high as 20,000 tons. In a year these tuna ships and the forty-five vessels in Van Camp's sardine fleet together bring in 240,000,000 pounds of fish, enough to put 156,000,000 cans in the American cupboard.

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When it comes to rope and twine Van Camp buys "U. S.-made," such as Plymouth, because, like other industries to which cordage is a "tool of the trade," the men who earn their living from the sea know they can depend on U. S. cordage for top performance under all conditions.

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press would publish only the views of one party . . . That is the custom in many other countries. But any modern American paper that followed that formula would soon be out of business. The people who buy and read expect the newspapers to report the news . . . President Truman has enjoyed boasting that he was elected in 1948 despite the opposition of newspapers, although he has never bothered to acknowledge that he has had the use of their front pages through his seven years in the White House and in the hustings.

"The editors of this newspaper are among those who prefer Ike . . . A couple of weeks ago in an editorial we urged Ike to get up and get going in this campaign. One reason that prompted us was that we had noted that Mr. Stevenson was making more hay and getting what could be considered a better play on our own front pages."

Though most U.S. newspapers oppose Adlai Stevenson, he could not complain about the preferences of reporters covering the campaigns. A poll of Stevenson's train last week showed that 19 are for Stevenson and nine for Ike; five are still undecided. On Ike's campaign train a poll showed: 24 for Stevenson, seven for Ike, six undecided. Nevertheless, relations between Stevenson and reporters were not always rosy. He has held only five press conferences since his nomination, prefers to make his policy statements in speeches without questioning from the press. Complained the New York Times's James Reston: "In short, he was nominated without any campaigning and he is now campaigning without answering many questions." While Stevenson mixes pleasantly with reporters on campaign trains, the standing rule is that at such times there must be no political talk.

Gloved Hand. On his part, Ike was also having a spot of trouble with newsmen covering him. Although he started out with a reserve of popularity among reporters, he quickly got gun-shy of the press. Startled at how a chance remark to newsmen can turn into a headline, he has shied away from reporters, sees his press troupe mostly from speaking platforms. He has been working hard to overcome the barrier, but Hearst Reporter Bob Considine put his finger on one difficulty last week. In Europe, wrote Considine, Ike became accustomed to gloved-hand treatment by the press and "the very thought of an unfavorable story about his command was automatically ruled out of the average correspondent's mind." Now that he is running for the presidency, all that has changed. Wrote Considine, quoting one campaign train newsmen: "You can't help loving the guy, even though it has taken him a long time to promote us to second lieutenants."

Digging Up the Bodies

Even in West Virginia's Kanawha County, where corrupt elections are no surprise, the primary last May was a standout. The minute the Charleston Gazette (circ. 86,500) saw the returns, it



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smelled fraud. Many precincts in the capital's county showed a far heavier vote than could be expected from the size of the registrations. City Editor Harry G. Hoffman set two reporters, Charles R. Armentrout and James A. Hill, to work looking for the buried bodies.

It did not take long to dig them up. Reporter Hill went to an outlying district, found that the dead, insane and bedridden sick had been voted. The paper covered its front page with printed registration records and poll slips to show the forged signatures.

The *Gazette* was flooded with tips from readers. One woman reported: "I saw votes being paid for in front of me." The paper's day-by-day stories and editorials forced the impaneling of a special grand jury three weeks ago. The first witness: Newsman Armentrout. On the basis of his and Hill's evidence, the grand jury started calling in witnesses, summoned 300 in all.

Last week the grand jury indicted 32 from Kanawha County for vote frauds, 18 Democrats and 14 Republicans. They ranged from ward heelers to the Republican mayor of Dunbar (pop. 8,032), who was charged with fraudulently adding to the votes cast for Charleston's Republican Mayor John T. Copenhaver in his unsuccessful campaign for the Republican gubernatorial nomination. Despite its victory, the *Gazette* thinks the battle not yet over. It plans to campaign to change the state laws so the vote frauds can't be repeated.

Purpose Without Passion

John H. Johnson, 33, is a Chicagoan who has become the leading Negro publisher in the U.S. with a simple formula—putting out "Negro magazines in a format that has been successful with white people." The formula has worked so well that Johnson's *Life*-like *Ebony* (estimated 520,000) and *Quick-size Jet* (estimated 210,000) have become two of the most widely read Negro magazines in the world (*TIME*, Oct. 1, 1945 *et seq.*). Two years ago when he put out *Tan Confessions* ("Is the Chaste Girl Chased?" "Love in the Choir Loft," "I Took My Mother's Man"), Johnson thought he had another winner in a magazine of "passion" with a purpose. Last week he admitted he was wrong.

Though circulation grew to 300,000, *Tan Confessions* failed in another way. Said Johnson: "Our magazines help the Negro to have a greater dignity and pride in his own accomplishments. I found I had to apologize for *Tan Confessions*. I had thought we could dignify even a confessions magazine." Last week he corrected the mistake. He shortened *Tan Confessions'* title to *Tan*, changed it from a true-confessions monthly to a service magazine for Negro women. In its first issue, *Tan* has everything from articles on "How Club Women Should Dress" and "Teach Your Child to Value Money" to fashions, health, home furnishings and recipes. By running fiction he expects to hold on to his old readers, add thousands of Negro housewives, who will now have a service magazine of their own.



What the kettle *didn't* tell!

The kettle told James Watt that if he could harness steam, he could do wonders. What the kettle *didn't* tell was that impurities in water cause boiler scale, corrosion, and other operating problems in steam power plants.

But these are only a few of the difficulties caused by water impurities resulting in economic losses in industries, municipalities, and in the home.

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Newsreel Victory

In a test case of the Ohio law requiring censorship of all newsreels shown in the state, Municipal Judge Frank W. Wiley last week ruled against the censors. Agreeing, in effect, with the Supreme Court decision in *The Miracle* case, which upheld the cinema's right to free speech (TIME, June 2), he found that the censorship law violated both the state and federal constitutions. The Ohio law, said Judge Wiley, "is of itself a greater evil than the possibility of evil against which the statute was designed to protect."

who admits to sometimes "posing in the altogether" and is forced to whisper such sentiments as "Will you be kind to me? I think I'm a little afraid of you." Finally, there is blonde Countess Hildegarde Neff who swims, sculpts and is described as frigid, even though she is just as insistent about her passion for Peck as all the other girls.

Between lovers' quarrels and reconciliations, Peck shoots a charging rhinoceros, fights lukewarmly on the Loyalist side in the Spanish Civil War, writes a succession of bestselling novels, and spends his spare time feeling desperately sorry for himself.



SUSAN HAYWARD & GREGORY PECK
Honors for a Hollywood hyena.

The New Pictures

The Snows of Kilimanjaro (20th Century-Fox) is likely to remind most adult males of their more lurid adolescent daydreams. Produced by Darryl Zanuck and vaguely based on the Ernest Hemingway short story, the movie is a Technicolor travelogue that ranges from Africa to Europe to backwoods Michigan, a sort of scenic railway running through a Tunnel of Love.

The picture opens in Africa, where toughly sentimental Gregory Peck lies dying of gangrene. While vultures perch hungrily on a nearby tree, Peck trades cynical dialogue with his wealthy wife (Susan Hayward) and relives some of the juicier parts of his Casanova past. The lovelorn trail begins with Teen-Ager Helene Stanley, who was jilted by Peck in consideration of a new rifle and an assured income from Uncle Leo G. Carroll. Next comes Paris, which gives Director Henry King a chance to create an evocative scene of a hot jazz concert of the 1920s, featuring the alto sax of Benny Carter. Here, Peck finds liquid-eyed Ava Gardner

The acting honors are easily captured by a herd of hippopotami plunging like dolphins in an African river, and by a Hollywood hyena whose night prowling about the camp has a superbly eerie quality. Among the Hollywood cast, Ava Gardner is surprisingly effective in the early scenes in Paris. Screen Writer Casey Robinson describes the script as "one-third Hemingway, one-third Zanuck and one-third myself"—a dilution of talent that probably accounts for the pat, happy ending, the atmosphere of whining self-pity, and the resolute backing away from any issues except sugar-coated love.

O. Henry's Full House (20th Century-Fox) might have been entitled *Quintet*, for it takes its cue from the successful Somerset Maugham omnibus movies, *Trio* and *Quartet*. It is a grab bag based on five short stories from the popular, prolific pen of William Sydney Porter.* With

* Who reputedly borrowed his "O. Henry" pen name from Orin Henry, a guard at Ohio State penitentiary, where Porter served three years and three months in the '20s for embezzlement of bank funds.



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five different sets of directors, writers and stars and with chatty narration by John Steinbeck. O. Henry's *Full House* is long on box-office names, sometimes short on the natty irony that O. Henry gave his trick tales of Manhattan.

The stories: *The Gift of the Magi* (O. Henry's most popular story) about a poor bookkeeper (Farley Granger) who sells his gold watch to buy a set of jeweled combs for his wife (Jeanne Crain) for Christmas, while she sells her beautiful hair to buy him a platinum watch fob; *The Last Leaf*, in which an unsuccessful artist (Gregory Ratoff) paints his masterpiece to keep a dying girl (Anne Baxter) alive; *The Clarion Call*, about a



FRED ALLEN & OSCAR LEVANT
A cinnamon bear in a grab bag.

cop with a conscience (Dale Robertson) who has to arrest an old chum (Richard Widmark).

More successful than the rather floridly filmed drama and melodrama of these three is the comedy of two other episodes. *The Cop and the Anthem* wisely casts Charles Laughton as a dapper old bum who unsuccessfully tries to get himself locked up in a warm jail for the winter. A burlesqued version of *The Ransom of Red Chief* presents Fred Allen and Oscar Levant as dour confidence men who, after making the mistake of kidnaping a little monster of a hillbilly boy, finally pay his parents a reward for taking him off their hands. Sample dialogue (strictly not O. Henry): as the boy sicks a bear on his terrified captors: "He's a cinnamon bear," says Allen. Replies Levant: "I don't care what flavor he is. He's more apt to taste me."

Beware, My Lovely (Filmmakers: RKO Radio) casts Robert Ryan as a most unhandy man about the house. A psychopathic killer who has just polished off his latest victim Ryan is hired by World War I Widow Ida Lupino to do some odd

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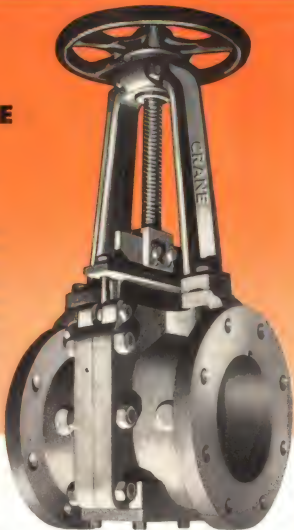
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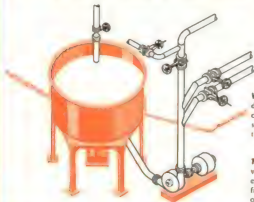
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jobs in her small-town Victorian home. Before long, Ryan, who is given to mental blackouts and odd fits of anger, has locked all the doors from the inside, ripped the phone from the wall and is scaring Widow Lupino half to death with his menacing attitude.

Adapted by Mel Dinelli from his story and play, *The Man*, the movie is a pseudo-psychological thriller that succeeds in being more sedative than suspenseful. Ida Lupino, looking frail, suffers long and lugubriously, and moody Robert Ryan eventually seems more of a bore than a bogeyman.

Monkey Business (20th Century-Fox) works overtime at a far-fetched plot about a laboratory chimpanzee who accidentally mixes an elixir of youth. When Research Chemist Cary Grant and his wife (Ginger Rogers) drink some of this magical potion, they promptly revert to adolescence. Cary gets himself a crew haircut, a loud sport jacket and a fire-red convertible. Ginger, turning into a giggly jitterbug, slips a live goldfish into Tycoon Charles Coburn's trousers and plants a custard pie under his posterior.

Ponderously written by Ben Hecht, Charles Lederer and I.A.L. Diamond, and noisily directed by Howard Hawks, *Monkey Business* has some amusing monkey-shines. But the picture's simple-minded running gag wears thin long before the elixir of youth wears out for Cary and Ginger. Also prominently on hand: Marilyn Monroe as a pneumatic private secretary to whom Boss Coburn hands a sheaf of copy with the instruction: "Find someone to type this."

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Crimson Pirate. Buccaneer Burt Lancaster and his cutthroat crew roam the Mediterranean in a merry travesty on pirate movies (TIME, Sept. 15).

Ivanhoe. Sir Walter Scott's novel made into a rousing medieval horse opera; with Robert Taylor as Ivanhoe, Elizabeth Taylor as Rebecca, Joan Fontaine as Rowena (TIME, Aug. 4).

The Strange Ones. Striking adaptation of Jean Cocteau's *Les Enfants Terribles*; the story of an adolescent brother & sister living in a world of their own (TIME, July 21).

High Noon. A topnotch western, with Gary Cooper as an embattled cow-town marshal facing four desperados single-handed (TIME, July 14).

Where's Charley? Ray Bolger singing and dancing in a gay, Technicolored edition of *Charley's Aunt* (TIME, July 7).

Carrie. Polished movie version of Theodore Dreiser's *Sister Carrie*, with Jennifer Jones and Laurence Olivier as star-crossed lovers (TIME, June 30).

The Story of Robin Hood. Robust version of the old legend, with Richard Todd fighting for king, country and fair Maid Marian (TIME, June 30).

Pat and Mike. A sprightly comedy in which Katharine Hepburn plays a lady athlete and Spencer Tracy a sports promoter (TIME, June 16).

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PHOTOMICROGRAPH ABOVE, shows viruses (small gray balls on dark area) in act of destroying a cancer cell, the large white mass at top of photo. This particular virus is known to destroy cancer cells in mice and in man. To study its mode of attack, scientists grow mouse cancer cells artificially and inject them with the virus. This photomicrograph was made in the Electron Microscope Laboratory of the Sloan-Kettering Institute in New York.



HOW BIG IS A VIRUS? If a dime standing on edge were magnified to the same scale as the viruses in this photomicrograph, it would appear approximately 43% higher than the Empire State Building.

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And they are discovering how to make the virus an ally in the fight against the deadliest of all diseases—cancer.

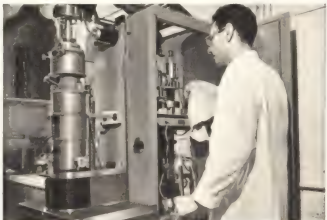
This dramatic weapon of medical science is completely dependent on metals. To build an electron microscope requires 318 pounds of copper and copper alloys, plus zinc, silver and gold.

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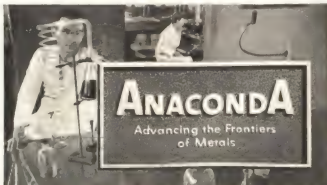
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BOOKS

It Started in a Garden

EAST OF EDEN (602 pp.)—John Steinbeck—Viking [\$4.50].

John Steinbeck, now 50, has run a wobbly literary path for nearly a quarter of a century. Signposts along the way read charming sentimentality (*Tortilla Flat*), left-wing melodrama (*In Dubious Battle*), maudlin blather (*Of Mice and Men*), tender innocence (*The Red Pony*), honest social indignation (*Grapes of Wrath*), meretricious sex (*The Wayward Bus*). His latest novel, *East of Eden*, comes under none of these labels, although it courts most of them for long stretches.

In 1938, while working on *Grapes of Wrath*, Steinbeck wrote in his journal: "I must one day write a book about my people [family]." He got around to it in 1951. Steinbeck's intention was to write a story that would tell his sons, now aged eight and six, about their forebears and the Salinas Valley in California where they settled. But on the way, fiction ran riot and took over from fact so brazenly that much of the story is hardly fit reading for moppets.

Gentlemen & Sluts. *East of Eden* is a 250,000-word whopper that slowly spreads from the Civil War to World War I. In form it is a two-family saga (with a double Cain & Abel theme) in which the family destinies brush each other so slightly as to make *East of Eden* two novels between the same set of boards. Adam Trask, the hero of one of the novels, was born in Connecticut in 1862. He did not reach California and meet the Hamiltons (Steinbeck's folks) until 1900, but he already had quite a story.

His father was a lazy farmer, a local holler who loved his booze and women. He was one of those Civil War vets who, as the years passed, made it plain that he had just about saved the Union single-handed. Young Adam, a quiet, diffident kid, had a rough time of it. His father wanted him to be a soldier, and almost broke him down trying to toughen him. His jealous younger half-brother Charles bullied and beat him, once nearly killed him with a hatchet.

By the time Adam got to the Salinas Valley, he had done two hitchhikes in the Army, hummed around the country as a tramp, escaped from a Florida chain gang, and picked up a lot of humility. He also brought to California half his father's considerable fortune and Cathy, a beautiful blonde wife.

Cathy was a vicious slut but Adam didn't know that. Steinbeck has made her a dish of distilled evil, one of the most implausible women in fiction's gallery. As a young, sweet-looking girl she had murdered her parents, burned the family home and skipped off to Boston. There she became the mistress of a man who ran a string of brothels, drove him mad with jealousy and was almost beaten to death by him. When she crawled to the



Myron Ehrenberg—Scope Associates
JOHN STEINBECK
Cathy was a dish.

Trask farm, Adam took her in, fell in love with her and married her. But before they headed west, Cathy had drugged Adam into a deep sleep, then slipped into bed with brother Charles.

In California, Cathy behaved no better. She bore Adam twin sons, then shot him with his .44 and ran off to a nearby town and became a prostitute. Cathy was good at it, and Steinbeck seems to have a fine time explaining her trade. Naturally, Cathy poisoned the brothelkeeper, took over the place, and racked up a lot of money. But she got her comeuppance. Arthritis, and fear that her sins would be

found out, broke her evil spirit and she died by her own hand. But not until her shocked, teen-age sons (the second Cain & Abel team) and gentle Adam have found out—a dozen years late—what she has been up to.

After Cathy and the Trasks, the Hamiltons are anticlimactically pleasant and folksy. Sam Hamilton was a big, kindly North-of-Ireland man with tenderness, blarney and wisdom in about equal proportions. His ranch was a failure, but he raised a big family of boys and girls who turned out pretty well. Any man would be lucky to have so lovable a grandfather as Novelist Steinbeck had.

Skill & Stickiness. Perhaps Steinbeck should have stuck to his original idea of telling just the family history. As it stands, *East of Eden* is a huge grab bag in which pointlessness and preposterous melodrama pop up as frequently as good storytelling and plausible conduct. Cathy's story, gamy, lurid, and told at tedious length, is all but meaningless. Almost as tiresome is the figure of Lee, the Trasks' trusted Chinese houseman, whose warmed-over Oriental wisdom and too gentle heart give the whole California story an overdose of stickiness.

Ironically, Novelist Steinbeck has done some of his best writing in *East of Eden*. As always, he describes his Salinas Valley with fidelity and charm. Moreover, individual scenes and yarns are frequently turned with great skill. But whether as a novel about pioneers in a new country or just men & women working out their private, earthly fates, *East of Eden* is too blundering and ill-defined to make its story point. That point, says Steinbeck, is "the never-ending contest in ourselves of good and evil." *East of Eden* has overgenerous portions of both, but a novelist who knows what he wants channels them, he doesn't spill them.

Inside the Holocaust

ARROW IN THE BLUE (353 pp.)—Arthur Koestler—Macmillan [\$5].

"At a conservative estimate," writes Arthur Koestler on an early page of his autobiography, "three out of every four people whom I knew before I was thirty were subsequently killed in Spain, or hounded to death at Dachau, or gassed at Belsen, or deported to Russia, or liquidated in Russia."

The importance of Arthur Koestler is the importance of a man caught in the heart of a holocaust who survives to bear witness. Koestler's holocaust was also that of much of European civilization, and Koestler has already borne eloquent witness to it in half a dozen political novels (*The Gladiators*, *Darkness at Noon*) and several politico-mystical tracts (*The Yogi and the Commissar*, *Insight and Outlook*).

Now, at 47, Koestler has chosen to give still more specific testimony in the form of his autobiography, *Arrow in the Blue*. Volume I, published this week, firmly demonstrates that he was not overbold to attempt a self-summation so early. In this volume alone, which carries him only



Dimitri Kessel—Life
ARTHUR KOESTLER
The arrow split lengthwise.



'way back then... he kept 'em rolling !

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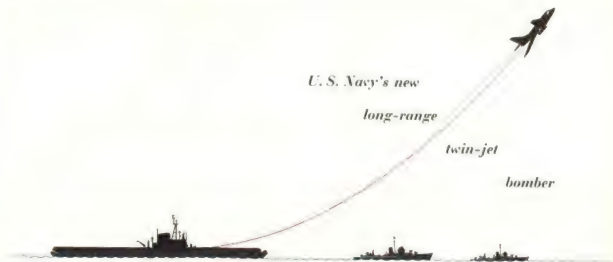
present high level of development. From its earliest beginnings, the motor truck has drawn heavily on the engineering resources and production know-how of Timken-Detroit. That is why the products of this foremost engineering-manufacturing organization are standard equipment on the finest of today's motor trucks.



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Built for the Navy, and now undergoing tests, the carrier-based Douglas A3D is designed to add new striking power to the Naval air arm.

Performance data on this plane is still secret, but no aircraft of comparable size—now in service or contemplated for

early service introduction—will be able to carry an equivalent bomb load as high or as fast as the Douglas A3D. Powered by twin jets, slung in pods below the wing outboard of the fuselage, A3D will be in the 600 to 700 mph class ... yet its planned range, from aircraft

carriers, will let it strike across wide expanses of water at enemy targets.

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DOUGLAS



First in Aviation

to his 27th year, Author Koestler lives as many lives as most men do in their full span.

Salvation à la Munchausen. The first of them began in 1905 in Budapest. His father was a promoter and would-be inventor who soon struck it rich with a "radioactive" soap. His mother was a hysteric who blew hot & cold until little Arthur had emotional chillblains. To make bad worse, Arthur turned out to be unusually short, yet something of a child prodigy too, "admired for my brains and detested for my character by children and teachers alike." He had little home training in the Jewish faith of his fathers, and early in life his belief in a personal God was overshadowed by his faith in impersonal science.

Dominated by "guilt, fear, and loneliness"—already, in short, exhibiting the characteristic ailments of his era—Arthur at the age of ten discovered all by himself the characteristic cure of his generation. He decided, after reading the story in which Baron Munchausen yanks himself out of the mire by the hair of his own head, that he could save his own soul in the same way.

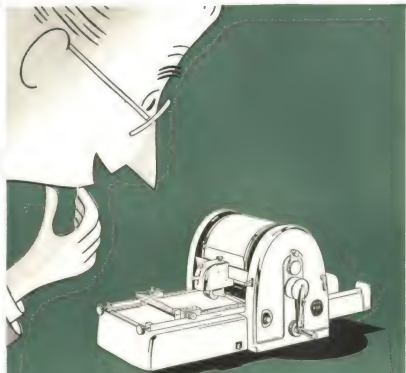
Not long after, he had a vision of life as an arrow, hurtling upwards into the blue; and not long after that, he had another in which the arrow split lengthwise. One half, as the metaphysical *wunderkind* interpreted it, was action, the other contemplation.

Action claimed him from 17 to 20, when he zipped through engineering courses at the University of Vienna, joined a fraternity, got himself properly chopped about the chin in a duel, and thoroughly initiated into the bedrooms of the local *frauleins*. At 20, after a series of undergraduate bull sessions about free will and Zionism, he lit out for Palestine to be a "hewer of wood and a drawer of water."

Unfortunately, the commune to which Arthur was assigned had no place for such a bright (and unmuscular) young man. Arthur was soon selling lemons on the streets of Haifa—and selling so little that he turned in his equipment after a few days. Then followed a year of semi-starvation, which Arthur softened by composing fairy stories in Hebrew.

Finally, through a friend, he was hired as a Middle East correspondent for the Ullstein publications of Germany. Ullstein soon sent him to Paris, then yanked him back to Berlin to become, at 25, science editor of an Ullstein newspaper. By the next year, he was also doubling as foreign editor of another, the *B.Z. am Mittag* (circ. 190,000).

The Morning After. Thereupon, in December 1931, Arthur suffered another metaphysical revolution. He joined the Communist Party. He had, so he thought, good reason. The Nazis were coming to power in Germany, and to Koestler it seemed that only the Communists could hold out against them. More generally, the party offered him a release for his "state of Chronic Indignation" at "a polluted society." Even so, a run of irrelevant had luck at that time had some-



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Of special interest to the telephone industry—The 56th Annual Convention of the United States Independent Telephone Association (USITA) will be held at the Conrad Hilton Hotel, Chicago, Oct. 13-14-15.



AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC

ORIGINATORS OF THE AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE

...THE INDEPENDENT TELEPHONE INDUSTRY

WITHOUT FANFARE, the "Independent" segment of our nation's telephone industry has grown to remarkable size—has played an important part in providing America with the world's finest telephone service. Today, two-thirds of this land of ours depends upon the "Independent" telephone companies—over six thousand of them—for telephone service second to none.

In its growth, the Independent industry has paced communication progress! Alert Independents were first to adopt the automatic dial telephone, creation of Automatic Electric; they were first, too, with long distance dialing; and first to use modern "handset" telephones. And these are only three among the many Automatic Electric developments that telephone users today take for granted.

It has been the privilege of Automatic Electric, for more than half a century, to work with the Independent industry and to share in its great achievements. We proudly hail this modest giant!

other "field that awaits the plow of the Lord."

Around Irma and Sam—and an assortment of turn-of-the-century islanders—Novelist William March fashions a choice tropical romp in the serio-comic vein of Satirists Aubrey Menen and Edgar Mittelholzer.

Piglets for Rahabaat. The natives have all the sins of the senses, but no sense of sin. They worship Rahabaat, a god who lives in the local volcano, with frank fertility rites. When Sam preaches his Vermont fundamentalism at the men, they giggle and slip away into the underbrush. When Irma tries to clothe the women in sacklike dresses of her own design, they cut holes in the tops to bare their breasts. After a brief vogue, even this ventilated version goes out of fashion. When the natives hear of Irma's virginity, they laughingly dub her "The One Too Slippery to Be Caught."

But Irma has been caught by the languid charm of October Island. While Sam files reports of "no progress" to his superiors, she scouts around the island and one day digs up an hermaphroditic sculpture. Shocked, she heaves it into the volcano. Her Christian mission, she decides, is to destroy as many of these pagan relics as possible. The natives find her constant digging odd, but since she tosses everything into Rahabaat's volcano, they find her piety admirable. When, in a moment of hunger, she eats a portion of roast piglet left on the altar of Rahabaat and the god fails to strike her dead, the natives are sufficiently awed to make her the guest of honor at a fecundity festival. "You're a lost woman," comments Sam Barnfield sadly. "And you," she taunts, "are a dirty-minded old man."

Great Breast Mother. Irma's true hour of glory comes as she is lading condensed milk to a sick native out of an old stone cup she has dug up and failed to destroy. The native vaults out of bed shouting: "She is here! The Great Breast Mother of the World is here!" The cup, it seems, is the one from which Rahabaat drank and drew power; and Irma Barnfield fits the legend of the virgin goddess whose coming will insure October Island a millennium of peace and plenty. In no time, a mass conversion to Christianity takes place, but the natives insist on added sacraments. Irma must periodically spoon out milk from the stone cup.

Lapping up the adulation of her new post as high priestess, Irma is none too happy when Sam takes sick and the mission board orders the couple home for a rest. To invoke her return, the natives toss hundreds of piglets into the volcano and finally even their own infants. Sure enough, back in Vermont Sam dies, and Irma heads for the island again.

Everybody is overjoyed. The natives have lost most of their children, are half-Christian, but have their virgin goddess. Irma has lost her husband, is half-pagan, but has the adoration she loves. As for Author March, he has had the pleasure of some deft ironic thrusts, at the expense of almost everybody but the reader.



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nography of irrelevant chatter, its sleep-enticing rhythms, its delight in obsessive enumeration of uninteresting objects, and its aggravating tone of false naiveté.

Gertrude Stein began as a literary innovator, helping to break the crusts of conventional literary language. But she took her experiments too seriously and, like many another pioneer, refused to budge from her first discovery. Her manner became a mannerism, her breakthrough a limitation. In her last novel, the old revolutionary proves a rather garrulous bore.

Historical Tapestry

THE MAN ON A DONKEY (627 pp.)—H.F.M. Prescott—Macmillan (\$5).

The average historical might be described as a novel with a past, and no better than it should be. In Britain, during the last three years, however, three



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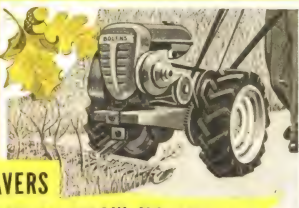
When kings were cheap and honor dear.

have been published that are almost as good as they can be.

They are *The Golden Warrior*, by Hope Muntz, *The Golden Hand*, by Edith Simon (TIME, April 28), and *The Man on a Donkey*, by H.F.M. Prescott, published last week in the U.S. All three novels are set in England during the Middle Ages or early modern times. All three were written by scholarly and literate Englishwomen. All three have something of the graciously precise air of old tapestry.

Author Prescott, onetime vice-principal of St. Mary's College at the University of Durham, begins her stitching of events in the year 1509, when Henry VIII mounted the throne. The scene shifts back and forth between Yorkshire and London. The characters and circumstances are those involved in the King's expropriation of church property, and the answering rebellion of the North.

The tapestry unwinds slowly, and in a leisurely procession of vivid details—the



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nuns of Marrick Priory at the harvest, an ousted priest bitterly walking travelers-horses before a church, young squires at archery practice, a merchant cold-bloodedly bartering his wife for a neighbor's gold—the chronicler delicately picks out a background of all England in that age.

One by one, a few clear-edged characters appear: Christabel Cowper, the hard-minded, power-mongering Prioress of Marrick; Lord Darcy, a subtle old nobleman who holds kings cheap and honor dear; July Savage, the unhappy sister of a famous whore; Robert Aske, squire and barrister, a young man who lives in a straight line, and so cannot avoid trouble when it comes his way.

Trouble comes in 1536 when Aske, beloved by all the Yorkshire commoners for his mettle as a man, is lifted up against his will as leader of a revolt against Henry VIII. In the end, he is undone and hanged in chains.

As a drama, the book is beautifully paced. So carefully has the novelist drawn her background that when the rebellion comes, it rises like a wave of humanity that hurls its strongest man on to glory—and destruction.

The one failure of the chronicle—and of its two recent predecessors—is that its characters are hardly clear and round enough to stand out against the brilliant vitality of the background. If this had been managed, the books would have been works of art. As it is, and taken together, they make wonderfully fine reading.

RECENT & READABLE

The Old Man and the Sea. A masterfully written story about a Cuban fisherman, which may be just what Ernest Hemingway thinks it is: the best work he has ever done (TIME, Sept. 8).

Sam Clemens of Hannibal, by Dixon Wecter. The late editor of the unpublished Mark Twain Papers shows how much Clemens' youth contributed to the golden dream of boyhood in *Tom Sawyer* and *Huckleberry Finn* (TIME, Sept. 1).

The Canterbury Tales. A versification by Nevill Coghill, preserving much of the lusty, 14th century tone of the original Chaucer in a rendering as witty and up-to-date as the conversation of a 20th century Oxford don (TIME, Aug. 11).

Journey to the Far Pacific, by Thomas E. Dewey. A discerning and lively narrative of the governor's travels in 17 countries (TIME, July 21).

Matador, by Barnaby Conrad. Latest addition to the small shelf of good books about bullfighters (TIME, June 30).

Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl. How eight Jews escaped the Gestapo for two years by hiding in an Amsterdam office building, recorded in the memorable journal of a teenager (TIME, June 16).

The Thurber Album. Back through the turns of time with James Thurber of Columbus, Ohio (TIME, June 2).

Winston Churchill, by Robert Lewis Taylor. A cheerfully anecdotal biography (TIME, June 2).

Witness. The testament of Whittaker Chambers (TIME, May 26).



CORNING Chooses Outstate Michigan

CORNING GLASS WORKS was a smart shopper when it began looking for a location for its newest plant.

Corning has been engaged in glass research and manufacture for more than 100 years. In addition to its several plants in Corning, N. Y., it has nine plants in other states.

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The new Corning plant in Albion, Michigan, turns out glass bulbs for television picture tubes, which recalls the fact that another Corning plant made the first glass bulb for Edison's incandescent lamp.

Said Plant Manager R. M. Clifford:

"A variety of important considerations including nearby markets, availability of good employees and utility services as well as the friendly and receptive attitude of the Albion community to our project, influenced our decision to locate here. Our experience since then has borne out our expectations."

Corning is one of many outstanding manufacturers who have found what they wanted in Outstate Michigan. And Albion is one of hundreds of Outstate Michigan communities that offer important advantages to industry.

If you are looking for a plant location, we invite you to consult us. Phone, wire or write today.

Check These Advantages of Outstate Michigan

- ★ Exceptionally High Percentage of Skilled Workers
- ★ In the Great Market Center of America
- ★ Wide Range of Materials, Parts and Supplies
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The first installation of Strowger Automatic Toll Ticketing equipment was made in Mons, Belgium, in 1937; it is still in service! Today, this equipment is also speeding telephone service in several communities in the Chicago and Los Angeles metropolitan areas which are served by independent telephone companies. For information about Automatic Electric products, address Automatic Electric Sales Corporation, 1033 West Van Buren Street, Chicago 7, Illinois.



AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC

ORIGINATORS OF THE AUTOMATIC TELEPHONE

MISCELLANY

Out-of-Bounds. In Mexico City, thieves who learned belatedly that they had robbed a relative of City Prosecutor Carlos Sodi rushed off a message to police: "We don't want to have anything to do with this stuff," added a note on where the loot could be found.

City Ways. In Richmond, Ind., a twelve-year-old visitor from the country carefully explained why he had turned in a false fire alarm: some city boys had told him that if he pulled the lever in the red box, a bird would pop out and forecast the weather.

Lesson for Today. In Syracuse, N.Y., a thief broke into Herman Fehlman's auto repair shop, took \$298, scrawled "God Is Love" on the cashier's window.

Id & Ego. In Olney, Ill., after driving through a stop sign, Justice of the Peace George E. Jones hauled himself to court, pleaded guilty, fined himself \$5.

Sidetracked. In Los Angeles, a court ordered housewife Mrs. Fredna Pavlich to stop interfering with the building of a railroad spur after the Southern Pacific formally complained that she had: 1) pulled up survey stakes as fast as they could be put in, 2) stood in front of a grader, 3) filled up potholes, 4) heaved stones at the railroad workers, 5) bit the hand of the railroad's lawyer.

Mop-Up. In St. Louis, after stealing a safe containing \$265 from a gasoline company, the thieves phoned Owner Ernest J. Hilgert and tried to wheedle the combination from him.

Station Identification. In Tyler, Texas, Sportscenter Ed Smith announced during a baseball game that someone had left his car lights on in the parking lot, repeatedly gave the car's description and license number, remembered at game's end that it was his.

Brush Block. In Albuquerque, the University of New Mexico's athletic department painted the home team's dressing room bright, "exciting" red; the opposing team's in "pacifying pastels."

Matter of Intention. In Oklahoma City, hospitalized Clarence E. Hodges told police that his wife had run over him with their family automobile after a quarrel, but he wouldn't prosecute because "I don't think she meant to hurt me; she loses her head when she gets mad."

The Threat. In Post Falls, Idaho, when only two votes were cast in a school trustee election, one for the incumbent and one for himself, Candidate Eldred Hughes withdrew because the incumbent has been "a friend and neighbor for years and I can't let one vote ruin it all."

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You'll prove to yourself in your own "T-Zone" (T for Throat, T for Taste) how mild and good tasting Camels are. You'll see why so many smokers say, "I'd walk a mile for a Camel".

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